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MEMOIRS
OF
MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

“Ridiculum acri
“Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.”
HOR.

“Ridicule shall frequently prevail,
“And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail.”
FRANCIS.

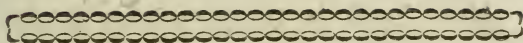
BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL,
FOR
G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1800.

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CHAP. I.

——— “ His speech was an excellent piece
“ Of patch-work, with shreds brought from Rome and from
Greece;
“ But should poets and orators try him for theft,
“ Like the jackdaw of old---would a feather be left?”

SIMKIN'S LETTERS.

THE admirable epistle of our thrice-
admirable heroine, with which we
thought it proper to conclude the last
chapter, was left by her at Henry's lodg-
ings, on her way to Mrs. Fielding's. On
her return from Hanover-square, she, in
pursuance of her adopted plan, went to
look for lodgings in the same street in
which Henry had taken up his abode.
Her attempt was unsuccessful.

Not a house in George's-street would receive her.

Her attack upon the heart of Henry was from this unfavourable circumstance prevented from being turned into a blockade; but still she resolved to carry on the siege; and happily for her purposes, on turning by chance into Conduit-street, she found a lodging exactly suited to her wishes. She fixed upon the first-floor, and asked the price."

"Two guineas a week, Ma'am, is the very lowest at which these lodgings were ever let."

'Two guineas a week!' cried Bridgetina, in astonishment. 'What! a hundred and four guineas a-year for two paltry rooms. You must be mistaken, good woman; I shall convince you that you are. In my mother's house at W——, for which she pays no more than twenty pounds a-year, there are seven better rooms than these! Do not think I am to be so easily imposed upon.'

"If

“ If you can suit yourself cheaper elsewhere, I have no objection, Ma’am,” returned the mistress of the house, drily; “ but I believe,” added she, “ you will find few such lodgings at the price (considering the situation) in London.”

The situation was indeed desirable; not that Bridgetina would in itself have considered it as preferable to Hound’s-ditch, or even to any of the noble avenues of Wapping; but its being in the vicinity of Henry gave it a value beyond all price. Finding it in vain to argue the good woman out of any part of her demand, she closed with her terms, and told her she should take immediate possession of the apartments. Mrs. Benton curtsied, and after a little modest hesitation, informed Miss Botherim, that she made it a rule never to take any lodger without a reference for their character to some person of respectability.

“ Mrs. Benton, for that I think is your name, I perceive you are a very unen-
B 2
lightened

lightened person," said Bridgetina. "A regard to the character of any individual is one of the immoral prejudices of a dis-tempered state of civilization. I shall soon instruct you better; and out of the choice writings of the most illustrious modern philosophers, convince you that there is no notion more erroneous than the false prejudice entertained against certain persons of *great powers*, who have happened to energize in a direction vulgarly called vicious. I, for my part, think it one of the peculiar advantages of this great metropolis, that it happily affords to the philosopher an opportunity of cultivating an intimacy with liberal-minded persons of this description; and shall be much obliged to you for an introduction to any heroine who has nobly sacrificed the bauble—reputation. Pray have you any acquaintance in this line?"

Mrs. Benton stared—"I really do not understand you, Ma'am. My acquaint-
ances

ances are all people of unspotted reputation. Nor, though my lodgings should stand empty throughout the year, would I admit any person of suspected character into my house. I do not mean to insinuate any reflection upon you, Ma'am; but you are a stranger to me, and therefore I must again request a reference.'

"You are really strangely invulnerable to argument; but I hope I shall in time convince you of your mistake. Meanwhile you may apply to Mrs. Fielding, in Hanover-square, the only person I have yet visited in London; and as she is as much the slave of prejudice as yourself, her testimony will, I dare say, please you."

'Oh, Ma'am, if you visit Mrs. Fielding, I am more than satisfied. To be honoured with her acquaintance is a sufficient recommendation to me. She is the best, the most generous of women! To her goodness I am indebted for every comfort that I now enjoy. I should be base, indeed, if

I did

I did not with gratitude acknowledge that she has been the saviour of me and mine.’

“ Gratitude is a mistaken notion, Mrs. Benton; and if you feel any extraordinary regard towards Mrs. Fielding, on account of her being your benefactress, you act in direct opposition to the principles of justice and virtue.”

‘ What! Not feel gratitude to my benefactress! Not feel a regard for her who rescued my husband from a prison! Who, like a ministering angel, brought relief to our extreme necessity! Who saved my babes from perishing, and has put us in a situation to earn our bread with comfort and with credit! O, if ever I cease to bless her, may tenfold misery be my portion!’

“ I perceive you have imbibed all the pernicious prejudices of superstition; but notwithstanding your mistaken notions, I dare say you are a good sort of woman at bottom; and so I shall tell Mrs. Fielding, when I go to breakfast with her to-morrow morning.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Benton curtsyed; and Bridgetina, desiring a coach to be called, stepped into it, and drove to the Golden-Cross for her things. Having paid her bill, and counted her remaining stock of cash, she found there was only one guinea and a half left; which having restored to her purse, she returned to Conduit-street, where she found her apartment diligently prepared by Mrs. Benton for her reception.

As she had not given any orders about dinner, Mrs. Benton naturally concluded it was her intention to dine abroad; while Bridgetina, never accustomed to pay any attention to the affairs of life, and ignorant of all the manners and habits of society, had taken it for granted that food was to be included with her lodging. At five o'clock, finding she could energize no longer, she pulled the bell, to enquire whether dinner was ready.

‘Dinner! Ma’am?’ said the maid-servant who attended her; ‘I did not know
that

that you were to have any. I received no directions to make market for you.’

“No!” returned Bridgetina; “I perceive, then, that your mistress has conceived too exalted an idea of my *powers*. In the present state of society, no one’s energies can be so effectually exerted as to elude the physical necessity of eating. I therefore desire to have my dinner immediately.”

The demand which followed for money to go to market, brought on an explanation by no means agreeable to Bridgetina, and which very little suited the state of her finances. After a learned expostulation on the part of our heroine, and a plain statement on that of Mrs. Benton, it was finally settled, that the maid should hereafter make provision for Bridgetina’s meals; which were to be fixed to no regular hour, but taken *philosophically*,* at

* See Pol. Jus. vol. ii. p. 492.

what time the energies of her stomach required it.

“ You will say it is more convenient for you, that I should dine at your table,” said Miss Botherim; “ and probably quote the example of the Spartans, who, by a law of the immortal Lycurgus, were obliged to common meals. But when the progress of mind shall have carried us further on the road to perfection, all co-operation in butchery, in cookery, or in eating, shall be at an end. If, at that happy period, the animal œconomy should still continue (notwithstanding the advanced state of society) to demand a supply of food, every man will then, when he is hungry, knock down an ox for himself, and cutting out his own steak, will dress and devour it at the time and place best suited to his avocation and circumstances. Do you think the Gonoquais sit down to table, as we do? No, no; social meals (as they are vulgarly called) are an interruption to the
the

the sublime flights of genius, and ought to be discountenanced by every true philosopher.”

In this manner did Bridgetina endeavour to enlighten her humble and modest auditor ; whose silence she interpreted into profound admiration of her extraordinary powers of eloquence, and on whose mind she firmly believed every word she spoke made a deep and lasting impression.

On the following morning, according to appointment, she attended Mrs. Fielding at breakfast ; when, to her great mortification, instead of meeting with Henry, as she had fully expected, she received from his respectable friend a very warm expostulation on the impropriety of her conduct ; which, though delivered with all possible gentleness of voice and manner, kindled in her mind the flame of deep resentment.

In vain did Mrs. Fielding endeavour to persuade her to return to W——. In vain did she urge the duty she owed her aged mother ;

mother; the risque she ran of exposing her character to reproach, and her name to ridicule, by persisting in a conduct so utterly inconsistent with the laws of delicacy and decorum. Bridgetina was like the deaf adder, ‘which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.’ Mrs. Fielding was the slave of prejudice; her mind was fettered by superstition; her morals were built upon the false structure of religious principle. She looked to a future world for that state of compleat order, happiness, and perfection, which she weakly believed would never be found in this. She was not enlightened enough to conceive how the progress of mind could be accelerated by casting off all dependance on a Supreme Being, by contemning his power, or denying his existence; but on the contrary, adored his goodness, revered his wisdom, and firmly believed in his revelation. How, then, could she fail to be the scorn of our deep
and

and enlightened philosopher! In truth; Bridgetina felt for her understanding the most sovereign contempt; and after an harangue, which had too little of novelty in it to afford the reader any amusement, she took her leave of the weak and prejudiced Mrs. Fielding, fully resolved never more to honour a person so full of prejudices with her confidence.

Her next attempt was to obtain a conference with Henry. She was informed by his servant that he was not at home. Leaving her address, and desiring the man to tell his master that she should be at home all the evening, she stepped into a hackney-coach, and drove to the house of Sir Anthony Aldgate, in Mincing-lane.

Here, also, her evil stars seemed to preponderate. The knight, his lady, and daughter, were on a visit to Mr. Deputy Griskin, at his villa at Bow-Bridge, and were not expected home till the latter end of the week. This was very unwelcome intelligence

intelligence to Bridgetina. Sir Anthony had been by her father's will appointed trustee for her fortune, which consisted of four thousand pounds stock in the four per cents. the whole of which was to continue under his management till the day of Bridgetina's marriage; with power, however, to sell, or change the security, (with her consent) as might appear most eligible.

It was her intention to raise an immediate supply of five hundred pounds for her own expences; and to put five hundred more into the hands of Mr. Vallaton, as treasurer for the Gonoquais emigrants, with a promise of doubling the sum, should the subscription of the philosophers appear inadequate to the expences of the expedition.

Great was her vexation at the delay occasioned by Sir Anthony's absence, which not only protracted the glory she expected to reap from the applauses of the enlightened, but reduced her to the mortification of remaining for several days with an empty purse.

purse. O cheerless companion of philosophy! too well do we know the torpedo effects of thy chilling aspect: too often have we experienced the sickening languor which the contemplation of thy long, lank sides occasions, to refuse our sympathy to the luckless wight who has thee for a guest! Thy casual appearance is a trifling evil, but where thy form is permanent, thou art

“ Abominable, unutterable, and worse

“ Than fables yet have feign’d, or fear conceiv’d,

“ *Gorgons*, and *Hydras*, and *Chimeras* dire.”

In all the calamities to which life is liable, there is no comfort equal to that which arises from being able to fix the blame upon that which has occasioned, or is supposed to have occasioned it. In the opinion of many wise men, it is one of the chief advantages of matrimony, that in every cross accident, a constant resource of this nature is provided for in the helpmate of the party aggrieved. Even the
vexation

vexation arising from the loss of a game at cards is considerably alleviated by the privilege of finding fault with the play of a partner; so to Bridgetina was it no small consolation, that in her present perplexity she could relieve her mind by bitter invectives against the *distempered state of civilization*. Had it not been for the present depraved institutions of society, her father would not have had it in his power to make a will. She would not then have been fettered by the impertinent interference of this trustee; who had, indeed, by his management during her minority, considerably increased the capital of her little fortune, and thus, by adding to the wealth of an individual, had sinned against the glorious system of equality.

Her soliloquies upon this subject were not interrupted by any visitor. Henry did not appear; neither did he send any answer to her letter. She again wrote, but to no purpose. She repeatedly called at
his

his lodgings, but still he was not at home. Another letter, conjuring him to enter into her arguments, and either reply to them on paper, or come to reason the subject with her in a personal interview, met with no better success than the former. Henry remained inexorable.

Mrs. Fielding had, at his request, informed Bridgetina, that as it was impossible for him to answer her but in a way that must appear harsh and disagreeable, he begged leave to decline writing. In musing on this subject, and investigating in her usual method the motives of Henry, and the conduct of his patroness, it all at once occurred to her that Mrs. Fielding herself was the object of Henry's pursuit; and that it was in order to get rid of a rival, that that lady had so strongly pressed her return to the country. The longer her imagination dwelt upon all the circumstances which had occurred, the more strongly was she impressed with the truth of her suspicions.

suspensions. The glaring disparity in point of age was in her mind no obstacle, neither did she make any account of that nice propriety of sentiment and of conduct which marked the character of Mrs. Fielding, and rendered her eminently superior to the suspicion of weakness or absurdity. That she was attached to Henry, she thought was evident; and that she should wish to marry him was not (in her opinion) at all extraordinary. She therefore determined to change her plan, and to exert all her energies to persuade Mrs. Fielding that she ought in justice to resign her pretensions to one, who, by her superior powers, was more eminently qualified to promote the happiness of a deserving individual. She would immediately have written, but apprehensive that Mrs. Fielding, following the example of Henry, would leave the letter unanswered, she thought it better to discuss the subject in a personal interview; and set out for

Hanover-square with all possible expedition.

As she entered the square, Mrs. Fielding's carriage drove from her door; she however proceeded to knock, and had the door opened to her by a maid-servant, from whom she learned, that Mrs. Fielding was not expected home till near dinner-time.

“Would she be at home in the evening?”

‘Yes; but in the evening she was to have a party.’

This intelligence was extremely agreeable to Bridgetina, as she doubted not that Henry would be of the number of Mrs. Fielding's guests, of whom she also determined to make one; nor did the want of an invitation appear to her any obstacle, as that was a mere matter of form, which she thought might very easily be dispensed with.

It was now that Bridgetina for the first time felt the absence of her mother, who had from her cradle supplied the place to
her

her of maid, milliner, and mantua-maker; and though the good woman's fond wishes of setting off the person of her daughter to the best advantage were but ill seconded by her taste, her officious zeal had rendered the object of her affections so unaccustomed to do any thing for herself, that she was helpless as a baby. Her only resource was to consult Mrs. Benton, whom she accordingly sent for; and after telling her she was to go that evening to a party at Mrs. Fielding's, intreated her assistance in the necessary preparations. Mrs. Benton very good-naturedly offered to do every thing in her power; and proposed sending immediately for a hair-dresser, as really she could not help observing that Miss Botherim's hair stood very much in need of cutting.

Bridgetina replied, that "all unnecessary co-operation was vicious, and that as Mrs. Benton and her maid had both offered their voluntary assistance, she would by no

means purchase the service of a mercenary. Besides," added she, putting her hand to her forehead, and gently introducing her fingers betwixt her skull and the high frizzled locks that towered above, "my hair is much more easily dressed than you imagine. See, (cried she, taking off the wig) these curls want only a little combing, and then, as they are somewhat stiff, they must be well smoothed down with hard pomatum, and covered over with a little powder, and they will do very well."

Mrs. Benton shook her head, but desiring Jenny to take the comb, and proceed by Miss Botherim's directions, she went on to the examination of the wardrobe, which Bridgetina displayed for her inspection. Having laid aside two or three printed calicoes, and as many ordinary muslins, she at length arrived at a dress carefully pinned up in a large table-cloth. "How very fortunate," said she, "that my mother should by mistake have sent me this favourite

vourite dress, in which she always says I look so well. It is made up after her own fancy, and admirably suited to my complexion. Do you not admire it?"

' Indeed, Ma'am, the silk is very pretty, to be sure, but only—now that silks are so little worn, I fear it will look a little particular. The colour, too, so deep a rose is rather glaring, and I fear it will be thought unfashionable.'

" Oh, as to the fear of being particular, I despise it. The gown has been very much admired at W——, and the fancy of trimming it with these knots of deep blue ribbons has been greatly praised."

' I do not doubt it; but you know, Ma'am, that in London—indeed, believe me that you had better go to Mrs. Fielding's in a plain muslin. I beg pardon for the liberty I take, but indeed I cannot help wishing you to consider, how odd such a dress as this will appear in a room full of company.'

The

The predilection of Bridgetina for her favourite gown was not to be moved by the remonstrances of Mrs. Benton, though they continued to be urged with increasing vehemence till interrupted by Jenny, who declared the curls of the wig to be so intractable as to bid defiance to her utmost skill. Again Mrs. Benton hinted the necessity of procuring a hair-dresser; but as Bridgetina was obstinate in opposing it, she herself undertook to settle the inflexible tresses on one side of the wig, while Jenny tugged at the other. At length the labours of the toilette were concluded, and our heroine, having refused to permit Jenny to call a coach, tripped it on foot through George's-street, and reached Mrs. Fielding's door at the moment some ladies, who had just stepped from a coroneted carriage, were entering it. She followed them without hesitation up stairs. The names of Lady Caroline and Lady Juliet Manners were announced aloud; and immediately

mediately after, that of Miss Botherim was pronounced by the same sonorous voice. Mrs. Fielding started at the sound; she was still speaking to Lady Juliet at no great distance from the door, when it reached her ears. She instantly turned round, and in spite of her vexation, could scarcely forbear smiling at the strange appearance of the little *outré* figure that approached her.

“ Bless me,” cried a young lady who stood up to speak to Lady Caroline Manners, “ What masquerade figure has your ladyship brought in with you? I did not hear of any fancy ball this evening?”

‘ She did not come with us,’ said Lady Caroline, ‘ nor can I imagine who she is; but she is dressed in character sure enough, though I am positive there is no masquerade. I dare say she is some oddity, for you know Mrs. Fielding does sometimes pick up queer people.’

Who is she? what can she be? where does she come from? reverberated twenty whispering

whispering voices at once. Some imagined her to be a foreigner, but of what nation no one could determine. Others sagaciously discovered it to be some one of their common acquaintance dressed up in disguise, and introduced by Mrs. Fielding for the amusement of the company; but the conclusion made by those best acquainted with Mrs. Fielding, and which in a short time became general, was highly in Bridgetina's favour, as it supposed her some person of extraordinary talents, whose soaring genius was above conformity to the common fashions of the world.

Time does not permit us at present to controvert the false notion upon which this opinion is founded, otherwise we should not despair of being able satisfactorily to prove, that the affectation of singularity, so far from being a concomitant of real genius, is a certain proof of a confined and little mind. But without wait-
ing

ing to discuss this subject any farther, we return to Bridgetina, who, quite unconscious of the wonder her appearance excited, dressed her countenance in a gracious smile as she waddled up to Mrs. Fielding, who waited to be addressed by her without speaking.

“ It was extremely fortunate that I heard you were to be at home this evening,” said Bridgetina, after making her curtsy.

“ I should have been extremely happy to have heard the same of you from W——,” replied Mrs. Fielding, attempting to look serious.

“ I do not doubt that,” returned Bridgetina; “ but I know your motives, and have come with a view to convince you that they are erroneous. I wish to have an opportunity of communing with you for half an hour or so in private, and shall wait your time.”

“ It cannot possibly be this evening,” returned Mrs. Fielding, who hoped, by an
absolute

absolute refusal, to prevail on her to depart ;
 ‘ you see how I am engaged: I cannot have it in my power to speak to you for five minutes on any account whatever.’

“ Ah!” said Mr. Sardon, who at that moment entered the room, “ see how the *power of sympathy* attracts me to the spot that contains Miss Botherim. You cannot think, Ma’am,” continued he, addressing himself to Bridgetina, from whom Mrs. Fielding had turned to receive some other company, “ You cannot think what a convert you have made of me. I have twice walked from Charing-Cross to Hyde-Park corner, without casting one glance on either shoe-buckles or tea-urns; and though I must confess I neither laughed nor cried, I have had some flights of fancy that I hope will entitle me to be ranked among your men of genius.”

‘ I make no doubt of your powers, sir,’ returned Bridgetina, gravely. ‘ You seem a man capable of estimating, and of energizing in no common degree.’

Mr.

Mr. Sardon bowed. "The approbation of a lady of your penetration is too flattering. How much does Mrs. Fielding oblige her friends by introducing among them a person so rarely qualified! But pray, do you not intend to enlighten this brilliant circle by a lecture on metaphysics? You know no opportunity for instructing mankind ought to be lost; and I dare say there are many persons here present to whom your arguments would be strikingly original."

Mrs. Fielding, who overheard the latter part of Mr. Sardon's speech, here interposed. 'Miss Botherim has too much sense to believe you,' said she, gently tapping him with her fan. 'Though unaccustomed to town-circles, she knows that to give a lecture upon any subject in a mixed company would be very improper; though not so bad (whispering Mr. Sardon) as to lead a poor wrong-headed girl into the folly of exposing herself to the ridicule of a whole company.'

"No

“No time can be improper for the promulgation of truth,” said Bridgetina. “Mr. Sardon speaks like a philosopher. He knows it is our duty in every company to argue, to reason, to discuss. But to be sure,” continued she, drawing up her head with an air of conscious triumph, “it is not every person that is qualified to enlighten the world by abstract speculation.”

“Miss Botherim speaks like an oracle!” cried Mr. Sardon. He was going on, but was checked by a frown from Mrs. Fielding, who, observing the eyes of the whole room fixed on Bridgetina, desired her to sit down in a corner less exposed to observation. Thither she was followed by Mr. Sardon, who continued to amuse himself with her eccentricity; while the curiosity excited by the singularity of her appearance, and the pedantic formality of her manner, attracted round them a circle of ladies who were all eager to listen to their conversation.

Though

Though cards were not excluded from the parties of Mrs. Fielding, they were generally declined by the majority of the company. Where persons qualified to relish the pleasures of conversation have an opportunity of enjoying it in perfection, they must, indeed, be the fettered slaves of custom, if they prefer an amusement in which fools may conquer, and knaves be crowned with victory, to the refined delight arising from the communication of ideas, the collision of wit, and the instructive observations of genius.

From the appearance of Bridgetina something very extraordinary was expected. Mrs. Fielding's taste for the conversation of people of talents was well known. Her solicitude to bring forward extraordinary genius from the depressing shade of obscurity had often been crowned with success; but though talents had her admiration, it was goodness and virtue that could alone ensure her approbation or esteem. Her
situation

situation in life gave her an opportunity of selecting her acquaintance, and her discernment and discrimination afforded her the means of employing this inestimable privilege to the best advantage. No sooner, therefore, was a new face seen in her drawing-room, than her friends anticipated a new source of pleasure or improvement; nor were they often disappointed. Sometimes, indeed, it would happen, notwithstanding the art she displayed in mixing her guests, that two learned men would get near enough to fall into a tedious argument concerning the etymology of a word, or some minute point in history or antiquity, for which not another soul but themselves could care a single straw; and sometimes a dispute in politicks would cast a temporary cloud over the good-humour of the disputants; but by the management of Mrs. Fielding these things rarely occurred. She was at such pains to provide the talkers with listeners, and the listeners

with

with talkers, and to suit the subject of conversation to the general taste, that all enjoyed in some degree the pleasure of pleasing, and the happiness of being pleased.

Bridgetina was at first afraid to run on in the words of her favourite authors, as she could not doubt that the subject of her studies must be familiar to the greatest part of her well-informed audience. Great was her surprise, when she discovered that the books which she believed were destined to enlighten the whole world, and new-model the human race, had not been thought worthy of a reading by any one who heard her. She took advantage of the discovery to quote page after page, while any one would listen to her; but though the novelty of her arguments for some time excited attention, and her flow of language did not fail to obtain applause, she soon experienced the common fate of an haranguer, in wearying the patience of those she pretended to instruct.

Fatigued

Fatigued with the monotonous sounds of her discordant voice, they turned from her, and gladly joined the different groupes where subjects of general literature, or of elegant criticism, gave every one an opportunity of contributing their quota to the fund of conversation.

Bridgetina was now, in her turn, obliged to become a listener, till her patience being quite exhausted, she arose, and walking across the room to where Mrs. Fielding sat, enquired aloud whether she might expect to see Dr. Sydney there that night? Mrs. Fielding told her she need not expect to see him, as he had another engagement.

“ You are acquainted with his engagements!” cried Bridgetina. “ You are the confidante of his bosom, the object of his passion! it is for you he rejects my love! but if you have any moral sensibility, if you are at all capable of energising, I do not despair of convincing you that you owe it to duty, you owe it to every principle

principle of justice, you owe it to the happiness of an individual to relinquish your designs on the person of this amiable young man."

Mrs. Fielding, shocked beyond measure at a speech which so strongly indicated a disordered state of intellect, thinking it better to soothe than to irritate the mind of the speaker, in a voice of pity told her, that if she would, on the morning after the following, give her the pleasure of her company at breakfast, she would endeavour to give her satisfaction.

"I shall not fail to come," said Bridgetina; "and as truth is omnipotent, I make no doubt my arguments will prevail." So saying she took her leave, to the great delight of Mrs. Fielding, who, tho' she never made a practice of being denied, immediately ordered that Miss Botherim should never again be admitted with other company.

As Bridgetina retired, the servant stationed in the anti-room desired the foot-

man below to call Miss Botherin's carriage. "I have no carriage, sir," said Bridgetina, "I disdain the use of a carriage, which is a contrivance of pampered luxury, and altogether unnecessary to a philosopher."

The man bowed, and again gravely advancing to the head of the stairs, 'Open the street-door to a philosopher,' cried he, with the voice of a Stentor.

Bridgetina, highly pleased with the compliment, thanked him, and descending, made her way through an avenue of grinning footmen, to whom her appearance afforded no small subject of merriment. The door was opened by the footman who had formerly conducted her to the coach, and who had the civility again to offer to procure her either coach or chair; but she declined his services, declaring there was nothing she so much loved as a solitary ramble by moon-light.

Unfortunately

Unfortunately for Bridgetina, her reply to the footman was overheard by a couple of girls, who were on their way to Bond-street in search of adventures, and who eagerly seized the opportunity that presented itself, of venting the malignant spirit of mischief in that sort of outrage which is vulgarly denominated *fun*. They soon came up with Bridgetina, and getting her between them, addressed her with pretended gravity.

“Do you intend to take a long walk?” cried one.

“Yes, upon the tight-rope, as you may perceive by her dress,” cried the other.

“I intend to walk no farther than Conduit-street,” said Bridgetina; “and am such a stranger in town, that I know not where such a walk as tight-rope is.”

A loud laugh from her companions very much discomposed our heroine, who, greatly offended by their rudeness, begged they would leave her to her own reflections.”

‘ Own

‘Own reflections, pretty dear!’ said the tallest of the girls. ‘Do you know, Maria, where *own* reflections is?’

‘I’ll be hanged if I do,” replied the other; “unless it be in Rag-fair, where she bought that quiz of a wig.”

‘My dress is no concern of yours,’ said Bridgetina, angrily; ‘and I must need tell you, it is rather uncivil to intrude upon me in this manner, when I wish to be alone.’

“Why don’t you leave us,” said one, giving her a push, and winking significantly to the other. “I am sure I don’t wish to keep you.”

‘Nor I neither,’ said the other; ‘I would not be seen walking with such a trollopy quiz for the world.’ So saying, she gave the unfortunate Bridgetina such a push towards her companion, that both were driven upon the rails. Bridgetina screamed, but before she could recover herself, was again pushed with such violence by the girl against whom she had last been

been

been driven, that after reeling a few paces she fell prostrate in the kennel. The girls set up a shout of victory, while Bridgetina, forgetful of the immoral tendency of coercion, vociferated Murder! help! murder! as loud as she was able to bawl. In an instant the street, which was before still as midnight, was filled with a croud, which as few were seen to issue from the houses, seemed as if by enchantment waisted to the spot. The dread sound of the watchman's rattle gave the signal for alarm. Three or four guardians of the night were soon assembled, who, at the instance of Bridgetina, would have taken her companions into custody, had they not by a singular piece of effrontery contrived to turn the popular voice in their favour.

“What!” cried the one who had shovelled Bridgetina into the kennel, “you are pretty watchmen, indeed! pretend not to know Poll Maddoc! the most notorious wench in London. There’s ne’er a boy
in

in St. Giles's that don't know squinting Poll. She was condemned at the Old-Bailey for picking the pocket of Jerry Wapping last 'sises, let her deny it if she dare; or that she nimm'd that wig from Moses the jew in Rag-fair; or that she is now kept by Peter Puff, the puppet-show man. She cry out murder, indeed, because we would not suffer her to walk the streets with us. Does she think that we would be seen in company with such a trull? No, no; it an't come to that yet; we will let her know that we are meat for her masters."

This oration quickly turned every voice against the hapless Bridgetina, who in vain protested that the orator had mistaken her person.

The sagacious watchman recognised her as an old acquaintance, and declared that he should provide her a night's lodging in the watch-house.

Bridgetina expostulated; she declared she was going home to her lodgings, when
 accosted

accosted by the two ladies who had given such an erroneous description of her person.

‘Your lodgings!’ cried the watchman with a sneer, ‘you intended to sleep with master punch, did you? but we shall lodge you as safe as with the devil, and Doctor Faustus to boot; come along, we cannot stay for any more jabber.’ So saying, he seized the reluctant arm of Bridgetina, but was stopped for a moment by his coadjutor, who, jogging the other arm of his prisoner, told her in a whisper, that ‘if she would tip them half-a-crown, she might still regain her liberty.’

“Half-a-crown!” repeated Bridgetina, “I have not a single shilling in my pocket; but if you will call upon me to-morrow, I shall pay you the money with pleasure.”

‘To-morrow!’ said the watchman; ‘that’s all my eye, d’ye see. D’ye think I’m such a simpleton as to trust your word?’

“I know,” replied Bridgetina, “that promises are immoral, and ought not to be

be considered as binding; but in the present case——”

‘No more palaver,’ said the honest watchman; ‘if you don’t down with the ready, you must go.’

Bridgetina begged to be heard, but in vain. Each seizing an arm, they dragged her off; and had nearly reached the end of the street, when, to the unspeakable joy of the struggling, weeping Bridgetina, she perceived Henry Sydney advancing towards them.

Great was the surprise of Henry, on beholding the dismal plight of our heroine; of which, in a commanding voice, he instantly demanded the cause. He could not very easily understand either the story of the watchmen, or the incoherent detail of Bridgetina, but found it no difficult matter to persuade the guardians of the peace of their mistake; who, receiving from his pocket some very convincing arguments in favour of their prisoner’s innocence,

cence, did not hesitate to deliver up their charge.

‘ I hope, (said he) Miss Botherim,’ as he conducted her to Mrs. Benton’s door, ‘ this incident will convince you that London is a very improper place for you to remain in, while destitute of the protection of any friend. You see how your ignorance of the manners of the metropolis exposes you to insult. I am happy in having rescued you at present from a situation so terrible that I shudder to think of it; but another time you may not be so fortunate to meet a friend. Let me, therefore, intreat you to think of an immediate return to W——, where your mother is made miserable by your absence.’

“ Cruel Henry!” returned the weeping Bridgetina; “ but I now know the motive of your conduct. Let me but reason the the matter with you in one single conference, and I shall be satisfied.”

Henry

Henry, in hopes of being able to conquer her strange infatuation by argument, consented to drink tea with her the following evening; and having seen her under the protection of Mrs. Benton's roof, took his leave, and pursued his way to his own lodgings.

CHAP. II.

" Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
 " Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
 " And bid him speak of patience!
 " No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
 " To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
 " But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
 " To be so moral when he shall endure,
 " The like himself."

SOUTHEY.

BEFORE we accompany Henry on his visit to Bridgetina, it may not be amiss to take a retrospective view of the manner in which he has been engaged from the time we left him reading the proposals of his enlightened and liberal admirer.

The ungrateful Henry, far from being elevated into rapture by the exalted sentiments and generous proposals of the philosophic maiden, having given her letter a

hasty

hasty and peevish perusal, threw it on the ground; nor did he at that time vouchsafe to read the paper which had been inclosed in it, and which was no other than the circular letter addressed by Mr. Myope to his brethren the philosophers.

By the unfortunate fate of the amiable Julia, and the deep affliction of her wretched parents, the mind of Henry was so completely engrossed, that he had not a single thought to bestow on the tender woes of Bridgetina. Even the reflections upon his own situation were suspended; and selfish cares and selfish sorrows were absorbed in the benevolent feelings of compassion, or banished by disinterested regret. He flew to the lodgings of his friend Churchill, whom he found just arrived; his body worn out with fatigue, and his mind lacerated by disappointment. After many vexatious delays and interruptions, he had traced the fugitives to London; but there, having stepped from the post-chaise
into

into the first empty hackney-coach that met them, they effectually eluded all further pursuit. Henry spent the remainder of the day with his friend, and devoted the greatest part of the succeeding ones to his assistance. Their endeavours were fruitless. The retreat of the lovers could not be discovered; and poor Churchill, at length submitting to the judgment of Henry, was persuaded to give over the hopeless research.

The day of the election of the physician for the hospital at length arrived; when the rival candidate having, in consequence of a private visit from Mrs. Fielding's agent, relinquished his pretensions, Henry was unanimously chosen to the vacant office; and thankfully rejoiced in his success, as a step towards that state of independency on which his dearest hopes of happiness seemed entirely to depend. Still were his prospects distant, far distant from such an income as would, in the present state of society,

society, be deemed adequate to the support of a family. Many men of the first abilities in his profession had, he well knew, spent their lives in hopeless penury; and that he should be one of the fortunate few whom the caprice of fashion should introduce to fortune's favours, was a per-adventure too precarious for hope to build on.

The peculiar advantage he enjoyed of being introduced by Mrs. Fielding into the houses of several families of distinction, does not appear to have been estimated by Henry at its full value. He was so ignorant as to imagine, that when people were sick, they would look more to the experience and abilities of the physician in whose hands they entrusted their lives, than to his rank in the scale of fashion. He did not think it possible that the vanity of a dying man could be flattered by having his prescription written by the same hand that had lately felt the pulse of a lord; or
that

that his weeping wife and daughters could feel a superior gratification in telling their friends that the dear deceased had been visited by Doctor ——, at the very time he was attending my Lady Ducheſs, than they ſhould have experienced from the happy effects of any medical ſkill. Of the omnipotence of faſhion Henry had as yet formed no adequate idea; and truſting to his own efforts, he reſolved by exertion and unceasing aſſiduity to deſerve the ſucceſs he ſo ardently wiſhed for.

Several days elapſed without bringing him another letter from W——; neither had Mr. Churchill received any intelligence from that quarter; ſo that the anxiety of both was wound up to the extreme; when Henry, on returning from his attendance on a new patient, a few hours previous to his chivalrous reſcue of Bridgetina from the hands of the giant enchanters, found a letter from his ſiſter, which had been brought by that morning's

ing's post. He eagerly broke the seal, and read as follows :

“ BEFORE I enter upon subjects of a less pleasing though deeply-interesting nature, let me tell my dear Harry how my heart thanks him for the kind haste he made to rid me of my foolish fears. No; I did not, I could not, suspect you of loving such a woman as Miss Botherin; but I could not help entertaining some sort of apprehension that you might have left her room to construe some unmeaning speech into an avowal of tenderness. Even here I have been mistaken; and my heart exultingly repeats, that my beloved brother is now as ever free from the shadow of reproach. But the more unequivocal your conduct, the more shameful, the more absurd and preposterous appears that of this weak, bewildered girl, whose brain seems to have been turned by the wild ambition of standing forth a practical champion for doctrines

doctrines which even in theory are sufficiently ridiculous.

“ Would to GOD that she had been the only sacrifice to these extravagant opinions! But, alas! poor Julia! She too, it seems, was a convert to this new system, which teaches, that by cancelling the bonds of domestic affection, and dissolving the ties of gratitude, the virtue and happiness of the world is to be increased. Fatal delusion! how would it vanish from her mind, could she have but a momentary glance at the altered countenance of her dying father! For these last three days he has continued to suffer all that the most extreme agony of mind, added to the most acute bodily torture, can inflict. Dr. Orwell and my father have united their efforts to soothe his sorrows, and to alleviate the pangs of grief; but, alas! they cannot remove the dart which rankles in his bosom, or lead him to forget that it was planted there by the hand of his much-beloved child.

“ The assurance obtained from Mrs. Glib, that Vallaton was not a married man, as had been reported, seemed to convey a short-lived relief; but it was followed by such an account of his character, and of the meanness of his station, (which, it seems, is that of a hair-dresser) as opened every wound of the father’s heart. Unable to support the war of conflicting passions, his feeble frame seems nearly exhausted by the contest. In proportion as he becomes weaker, the more powerful emotions subside. Indignation gives place to pity, and the feelings of resentment are swallowed up in those of paternal tenderness. He even strives to form excuses for his daughter’s conduct, and seems eager to transfer the blame from her to some other object.

“ Yesterday as my father sat by his bedside, after a silence of some minutes. “ Mr. Sydney,” said he, “ you are very good to bear with me; but you are yourself a father,

ther,

ther, though you cannot—oh, no; you cannot possibly know the sorrow that has pierced me. For the pride I took in this darling child, how severely am I now punished! In the foolishness of my heart, I believed her to be superior to all her sex. I encouraged her to throw off the prejudices of religion—to act from nobler motives than the hopes of an hereafter—to substitute the laws of honour for the laws of God; and to consult the dictates of her mind instead of the morality of the gospel. Oh if I have taught my child to err; if it is for want of more solid principles that she has been made an easy prey to the snares of a seducer—but I cannot bear the thought. Tell me, Mr. Sydney, O tell me that it is not *to me* she owes her fall! Say not that it was I who led my child to the precipice down which she has sunk!”

“ You, Harry, who are so well acquainted with the benignity of our dear father’s nature, may imagine how much he

was affected: nor need I say, that he used every endeavour to soothe and comfort the poor unhappy man, who seemed thus to cling to him for support. You know how much it is his delight to heal the wounded spirit, and to speak peace to the broken in heart. I pray GOD that his endeavours may in this instance prove successful!

“ Our amiable friend, Harriet Orwell, has done all in her power to supply the place of a daughter to poor Mrs. Delmond. While her attentions have been engrossed by her, I have devoted mine to Mrs. Botherim; who, ever since she heard of Biddy's departure, has been in a state little short of distraction. Nothing, to be sure, can be more ludicrous than the stile of her lamentations sometimes are; but the voice of sorrow ought to command respect, however mean or absurd the language in which it is conveyed. I am far, you may believe, from justifying a breach of filial duty; but surely the man does great injustice to his

his children, who gives them a mother so weak, or so ignorant, as to render her despicable in their eyes; not that to a well-regulated mind the weakness of a parent will ever be made the object of contempt; but how should the children of a fool come by the information necessary to point out the line of duty, or to fix the principles of filial piety in the heart?

“ Oh, my brother, if ever you marry, may your wife be one whose memory your children’s children shall delight to honour; may she demand from her family, not merely the barren obedience of duty, but the grateful tribute of heart-felt veneration and esteem!

“ At the conclusion of the last paragraph, I laid aside my writing, to enquire for Capt. Delmond; the answers sent by a servant are so little satisfactory, that I have generally contrived to go twice a-day myself, and from Harriet have learned the particulars for which I was so anxious.

“ Very

“ Very little alteration has taken place in his state of mind or health since yesterday, except that he is apparently weaker and more tranquil. Dr. Orwell accompanied me up street. As we approached the house of Mr. Glib the stationer, we perceived a croud about the door; and on enquiring into the cause, were informed that Mr. Glib had suddenly departed from W——, and that the creditors were then taking possession of the few effects he had left behind him. A person from the house requested of Dr. Orwell to step in for a few moments, as the presence of a justice of peace was necessary, in order to take the affidavit of Mrs. Glib about some matters, but I do not know what. While waiting for the Doctor, I was accosted in the rudest manner by two or three of the children, who were running about like so many ragged colts. To say they are in a state of nature would be doing little honour to our species, for never did I see
imps

imps so mischievous and impudent. They were happily attracted by the arrival of another stranger, an officer of dragoons, who was lately quartered in a neighbouring town, and whose attentions to Mrs. Glib have not escaped the notice of the scandal-loving coterie. This gentleman stepped up to Mrs. Glib's apartment without ceremony, and from the air of satisfaction that appeared in his manner, went, I hope, with the intention of affording relief to her misfortunes. In a few minutes Dr. Orwell returned to me, and brought with him a letter which Mrs. Glib had put into his hands. It was written by her husband, and left behind him as a justification of his conduct. By this it appears, that in deserting his wife and children he acts *upon principle*. "Convinced," he says, "of the immoral tendency of matrimony, and that it is an odious and unjust institution—a monopoly, and the worst of monopolies—which, by forbidding two human beings

*beings to follow the dictates of their own minds, makes prejudice alive and vigorous ;** he is resolved to dismiss the mistake he has so happily detected, and no longer seek, by artificial and despotic means, to engross a pretty woman to himself, but to restore to her that liberty, of which (by the despotic sanction of a foolish law) she had been unjustly deprived. As to the five children which she calls *his*, it is a matter of no importance to him whether they are so or no. He has neither the *aristocracy*, *self-love*, or *family pride*,† that teaches prejudiced people to set a value upon a matter in itself so insignificant; and as they may, very probably, be no worthier than the children of any other man, it is not consistent with moral justice that he should devote to them the fruits of his labour.

“ So far he seems to make use of the words of some author, who probably little

* See Pol. Jus. vol. ii. p. 499.

† See Pol. Jus.
imagined

imagined that his theory would ever meet with such a practical advocate. In the conclusion, he makes use of his own peculiar jargon, which is often whimsical enough. Talks of Hottentots, who live according to the sublime system that is to be universally adopted in the *Age of Reason*, and hints at a design of emigrating to Africa!

“It is probable Miss Botherim may have been induced to become a party in this projected expedition. For the sake of her poor mother, I hope she will not carry her folly quite so far; and intreat you may do all you can to persuade her to an immediate return to W——.

“Adieu, my dearest brother. We have another frank for this day week, which my father desires me to tell you he will fill; in the mean time he sends his blessing. In my opinion, the greatest we can have from Heaven, is a just sense of the happiness we enjoy in having such a parent.
That

That he may be blessed in the prosperity and happiness of 'his heart's dear Harry,' is the never-ceasing prayer of

"Your truly affectionate sister,

"MARIA SYDNEY."

A second letter from Maria was enclosed in the same cover. The contents were as follows :

"I HAVE opened the packet, to inform my dear Henry that the sorrows of Captain Delmond are at an end. They have at length broken the attenuated thread of his existence, and accelerated his departure to the silent grave. Oh, Julia, Julia, what must be thy feelings, when informed of this event! The infatuation of passion may for a while stifle the voice of nature, but a time will come when the sword with which she has pierced her father's heart, shall deeply wound her own.

"The whole of yesterday the poor Captain was so much easier as to give some hopes

hopes of his recovery. He sat up great part of the day, and appeared to receive so much pleasure from the company of my father, that he spent the greatest part of it in his apartment. He more than once regretted that he had so long lived near two such men as my father and Doctor Orwell, without having attempted to cultivate their friendship. ‘I now,’ said he, ‘perceive my error, in attributing to the spirit of the christian religion itself that gloomy illiberality which I have observed in some of its pretended votaries. I see that its priests are not necessarily either mercenary knaves or zealous bigots; and begin to apprehend, that while I piqued myself on being superior to prejudice, I have in reality been its dupe.’

“The endeavours used by my father to soothe and tranquillize his mind appeared to be effectual; and he left him in such a composed and happy state, as seemed to promise a night of undisturbed repose. No sooner,

sooner, however, was he left to his own meditations, than his thoughts appear to have recurred to the subject of his uneasiness. He became restless, impatient, and not unfrequently delirious. Sometimes he uttered the wildest threats against the villain who had deprived him of his daughter; and sometimes he called upon her name, and in the tenderest and most supplicating voice, adjured her not to leave him. Towards morning he called upon the nurse to assist him in changing the posture of his head; and while she did so, ‘Oh, Julia! Julia!’ he murmured in a feeble voice, ‘I looked to thy dear hand to smooth my death-bed pillow—but I forgive thee!’ His voice failed, he sunk down upon the bed, and in a few moments expired.

“Mrs. Delmond, being worn out with fatigue and grief, had, by the persuasion of Harriet, (who has indeed acted like an angel) lain down to take some rest. She
had

had fallen into a profound slumber, from which she would have been hastily awakened by the nurse; but Harriet, satisfying herself that all was over, would not permit the slumbers of the poor widow to be disturbed. By her wise precaution, Mrs. Delmond regained some strength of mind as well as of body; and, supported by her soothing tenderness, has been enabled to bear her afflictions with more fortitude than could have been expected.

“ A message from General Villers has just arrived, requesting Mrs. Delmond’s permission to take upon himself the charge of the funeral; which he wishes to be performed in a manner suitable to the birth and merit of his deceased friend.

“ Your letter is this moment put into my hand. Ah! in what just colours does it paint the amiable Churchill! What noble generosity of sentiment! What affecting sensibility! That Julia should have known him, should have seen (and how
could

could she be blind to a partiality so visible) the impression she had made upon his heart, and yet give her preference to a wretch like Vallaton, is a mystery to me inexplicable. Adieu! dearest Henry, my spirits are so depressed I can say no more, but that I am ever affectionately your's,

“ M. S.”

Henry had no sooner perused his sister's letter, than he hastened to his friend Churchill to inform him of the contents. As the quickest method of doing so, he gave it him to read, a breach of delicacy which we can by no means excuse. If Henry had given a moment's consideration to what the feelings of Maria would have been, could she have seen the eye of Churchill gazing on her letter, and devouring, with an appearance of more than common interest, those passages concerning himself, which she would least of all have exposed to his perusal, Henry would not have given the letter out of his own hand.

Churchill

Churchill returned it to him with a sigh. “What a charming girl is your sister,” said he. “How clear her understanding! How just her sentiments! Happy had it been for poor Julia Delmond had her mind been formed like hers. But the death of the poor father—how very shocking it is! He deserved a better fate. I foolishly flattered myself that I should have had it in my power to contribute to his happiness, and promised myself much pleasure in performing to him the duty of a son. That is over. And I can now only shew the respect I bear his memory, by assisting at the last offices of humanity, and following his body to the grave.”

Henry, finding it in vain to oppose this sudden design of his friend, left him to follow his inclination. To say truth, had he had been at liberty to consult his own, he would much rather have encountered the fatigue of a midnight journey, to accompany him to W——, than have gone

to the splendid party to which he was engaged.

It was on his return from this party, that he discovered our heroine in the deplorable situation from which he had the good fortune to rescue her. He now reproached himself for the little pains he had taken to persuade her of the folly and impropriety of her remaining in London, and resolved to lose no time in urging the necessity of her immediate return to W——. He next morning communicated his intention to Mrs. Fielding, when, by her own appointment, he waited on her to report the situation of some poor patients she had recommended to his attention. On receiving from her an account of all that had passed the preceding evening, his hopes of success became rather less sanguine; but the necessity there appeared to him of making some effort to rescue the poor girl from a situation exposed to so many evils, made him resolve on making the experiment.

ment. While canvassing the subject with Mrs. Fielding, her carriage drove up to the door, in which, accompanied by Henry, she set off on a tour of visits; and strange to tell, set off with a certain assurance of receiving, wherever she appeared, a hearty welcome!

CHAP. III.

"Come hither, out-cast one! and call her friend,

"And she shall be thy friend more readily,

"Because thou art unhappy.

"Art thou astonish'd, maid,

"That one, though powerful, is benevolent?

"In truth, thou well may'st wonder!"

SOUTHEY.

"A Welcome!" repeats some lovely fair one, as with a yawn she throws down the book at the conclusion of the last chapter. "La! how vulgar! What a bore to find one's friends at home! I am fatigued to death at the very thoughts of it. What odd notions these low authors have of the manners of the fashionable world!"

Stay, dear lady, and be convinced that we are not so ignorant, or so little accustomed

tomed to the world of fashion, as you seem to imagine. Well do we know, that in dropping your tickets at the splendid dwellings of the *dear friends*, whose names ye in return expect to swell your porter's list, ye have neither end nor object in view, but the gratification of your own vanity; a vanity which might be somewhat humbled, were ye obliged to witness the mortification that would be inflicted on your *dear friends* by your tiresome and insipid company. Wisely, therefore, do ye keep your insignificance concealed; and trust the gratification of your pride and vanity not to your own intrinsic merits, but to those of the honest artisans, whose united labours have clothed your equipage with splendor. But never, when rolling in that splendid equipage, did the loud thundering of your well-drest footman at the door of a duchess, not even when it has disturbed half a street, touch your conscious heart with half the extacy that Mrs. Fielding

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experienced,

experienced, when after walking down a dirty lane, too narrow for her coach to enter, her gentle tap at the door of a decayed house was opened by a face beaming with gratitude, and her presence hailed as that of a superior being, the dispenser of happiness and joy!

It happened that this obscure retreat of wretchedness was not above a hundred yards remote from the residence of a man of fashion, at whose house Mrs. Fielding was engaged to dine the day of her first visit to its starving inhabitants. Her heart was still full of the scene she had witnessed. The ghastly figure of the wretched father of the family, stretched upon a pallet in one corner of the room in the agony of a rheumatic fever, was still before her eyes; the appearance of his wife, not four and twenty hours delivered, sitting up in bed, and with her feeble hands stretching out some pieces of muslin which a lady had in charity sent her to clear-starch, and in
which

which she was assisted by the eldest little girl, a half-naked and more than half-starved creature of nine years old, who worked with eagerness in hopes of sharing in the bread to be thus procured, and for which four other little mouths now vainly clamoured, still dwelt on Mrs. Fielding's imagination; when she took her place at the loaded board of the voluptuous baronet, who was equally remarkable for the irascibility of his temper, and the epicureanism of his table.

In vain had the ingenuity of the purveyor, and the art of the cook, been employed to please the sickly appetite of this son of luxury. Every dish afforded him a subject of inquietude and vexation. It was upon a fine turbot that he particularly vented the ebullition of his wrath. The sauce had not been made to please him, and sauce and turbot were ordered from the table, with directions that they might be thrown to the dunghill, as they were not fit even for the dogs.

An

An involuntary exclamation, which at that moment escaped the lips of Mrs. Fielding, reached the angry gentleman's ears. He immediately asked her pardon for his violence, but urged the impossibility of keeping his temper on an occasion so provoking.

"You need make no apology to me, sir," said Mrs. Fielding; "for *me* your behaviour has not insulted."

'I hope I have insulted no one;' returned the Baronet, attempting to resume his cheerfulness, while his fiery eye and contracted forehead indicated the rage that still possessed his breast.

"Pardon me, sir," said Mrs. Fielding, "if I differ from you."

'I really do not understand you, Madam,' rejoined the Baronet; 'to whom has my sending away that execrable dish given offence?'

"To the image of God in your fellow-creature, now starving at your very door!" returned

returned Mrs. Fielding. “To the famished wretches, who, while you are gorged to loathing, have not even bread for their mouths. Within a hundred yards from where you now sit, have I this morning seen a family of eight souls, to whom the price of that very dish you have spurned from your table would have afforded luxuries for a week. It is the pardon of *such as these* you should solicit, for to misery such as theirs your conduct is an insult.”

Mrs. Fielding felt her energy in the cause of humanity not a little strengthened by the striking contrast this day afforded her, betwixt the sickly caprice of voluptuousness and the eagerness of hungry poverty.

It was to give his medical advice to the father of this little family of wretchedness, that she carried Henry to their habitation, which now wore a very different aspect from that which on her first visit it had presented. The children were now clothed; the furniture, which had been by
piece-

piece-meal sent to pawn, was now replaced; the wife with maternal tenderness pressed the infant to her bosom, whose birth she had deplored as an aggravation to her misfortunes; and even the poor husband, relieved from the torture of beholding his family perishing before his eyes for the want of that food which sickness rendered him unable to procure, felt half the acuteness of his malady removed, and with tears of gratitude implored the best blessing of Heaven upon his worthy benefactress.

After a few visits of a similar nature, Mrs. Fielding carried our young physician to a large house destined for the reception and temporary abode of such of her own sex as, from being destitute of friends in London, were (when by sickness or misfortune thrown out of employment) in danger of being driven, through fear of want, into habits of infamy. The incident that gave rise to this plan of charity in Mrs. Fielding's mind, is sufficiently interesting to claim the
attention

attention of those of our readers who really believe people of an inferior station to be composed of the same materials with themselves.

It happened one cold evening in December, that on returning from the theatre, through a narrow street, an accident which befel a preceding carriage occasioned a stop of many minutes to the line of carriages which followed. Mrs. Fielding let down the glass to enquire the cause; and having learnt it, was about to pull it up and patiently wait the event, when her attention was attracted by an object of wretchedness, who with looks of deep humility implored alms at the door of the coach which was immediately before her's in the line. She heard the glass violently drawn up, and saw at the same moment the trembling emaciated wretch who had presumed to supplicate, receive a blow for her impertinence from the rattan of the laced footman who stood behind. Mrs. Fielding,
who

who could not help feeling indignant at an insult offered to misery, even when coupled with vice, was about to offer the poor wretch a compensation for what she had endured, when she saw her familiarly accosted by a bold-looking fellow of the order vulgarly called *shabby-genteel*. The lamp now shone full upon the object of her attention, and displayed a countenance that had once been handsome, but apparently wasted by sickness and famine. She seemed to shrink from the person who addressed her, but yet wanted resolution to resist his importunity. She suffered him to take one of her hands, while with the back of the other she wiped the tears which trickled down her pallid cheek. The coach moved a step or two nearer. Mrs. Fielding distinctly heard the ejaculation, ‘Oh, God, forgive me! if to save myself from starving——’ She could hear no more. The obstruction to the proceeding of the further carriage being now removed,

it

it drove on with fury, and Mrs. Fielding's, with the rest that followed it, suddenly darted forward in full speed.

Mrs. Fielding's sensibility was not of that nature which can content itself with dropping a graceful tear to the misery which an active exertion of benevolence has power to relieve. She hastily pulled the check-string, and having called the footman, "Run, Thomas, run with speed, I beseech you, after that poor woman, whom yonder wretch is dragging away. Desire her to come hither; fly——"

Thomas hesitated. 'I presume, Madam, you do not know that she is——'

"No matter what she is—I must speak to her."

Thomas obeyed; and no sooner did the poor forlorn creature hear the welcome message, than struggling from the man who had hold of her, she hastened as fast as her trembling limbs could carry her, to the coach-door over which Mrs. Fielding leaned.

"You

“ You appear to be in great misery, young woman;” said Mrs. Fielding, in a voice of pity.

“ I am, indeed, Madam! in misery that is inexpressible.”

“ But is taking to a course of vice the proper way to procure relief? Would it not be better by honest industry to seek a livelihood, than by continuing in the path of infamy, to——”

“ Ah, Madam! I am not the wretch you take me for. I am, indeed, I as yet am virtuous; but I am starving. I have not one farthing to get either food or lodging. I wish I had courage to die! I know it would be better; and that I ought to die, rather than be wicked—but I am *so hungry!*——”

Her weak and hollow voice here became quite inarticulate; it died away in short convulsive sobs, a shivering came over her, and she would have sunk to the ground, had she not been supported by
Thomas;

Thomas; who, having caught the contagion of pity from his mistress, was now as zealous to relieve the poor unfortunate, as he was before unwilling to go after her. What was to be done? To leave her in her present situation, was to leave her to perish. A heavy shower came on, which instantly determined Mrs. Fielding. She ordered Thomas to open the coach-door, and to lift the poor exhausted wanderer into the carriage, where she supported her with her own arms all the way to Hanover-square. A few mouthfuls of biscuit soaked in wine restored the sinking powers of nature; and Mrs. Fielding, who administered the cordial with her own hands, had the pleasure of beholding the colour return to the faded cheek, and an expression of sensibility reanimate the sunken eye.

‘Are you an angel?’ cried the poor miserable, grasping Mrs. Fielding’s hand, as she held out to her a bit of biscuit. ‘Yes, yes, you must be an angel! no great lady could

could be so condescending, so very, very good.'

"Alas!" said Mrs. Fielding, "that the common duties of humanity, in a world where misfortune in one shape or other is the lot of all, should be so rare as to be thus over rated!"

The salutary refreshment she had received, aided by a night's repose, had so far restored the poor woman, that when she appeared before Mrs. Fielding on the following morning, she could hardly believe it was the same person.

In answer to Mrs. Fielding's interrogatories, she informed her, that she was the daughter of a Northumbrian peasant: that an elder brother, who had come up to London some few years before, had got so good a place as shopman at a druggist's, that on her father's death she was tempted to come up to town likewise—hoping, through her brother's interest, to procure a place as maid of all work in some credit-
able

able family. On arriving in London, she found that her brother had died of the small-pox the week before, and his master (who was a batchelor) had been appointed surgeon in the army, and was then on the eve of embarking for the West-Indies. He however had the goodness, before his departure, to recommend her to a lady and gentleman from Devonshire, who had taken lodgings in Suffolk-street, where they had the use of a back-kitchen. From breathing the pure air of the Northumberland mountains, she was transferred to this unwholesome dungeon, where she had not been confined for many weeks when she was seized with a fit of illness, forced to leave her place, and with the small pittance of wages she had acquired in her short service, to pay for a lodging, food, and physic. On recovering from her fever, which lasted many weeks, she found herself deep in her landlady's debt, who had the *goodness* to accept of all the re-
mains

mains of her little wardrobe in lieu of cash; and having stripped her of every thing but the rags in which she used to do her dirty work, *humanely* turned her out to the street. A stranger in London, and without friends, to whom could she apply for relief? Who would listen to the tale of her misfortunes? Who would accept her services, or open their doors to receive a wretch that had none to help her?

At the time she was seen by Mrs. Fielding, she had been eight and forty hours without food. Her virtuous principles revolted at the proffered wages of prostitution, till hopeless of succour, and overpowered by the repulse she had met with from the sentimental Lady Mary Mildmay and her powdered footman, she gave way to the impulse of despair, and would probably, if the interposing hand of Mrs. Fielding had not been held out to save her, soon have added one other wretched female to the thousands who yearly perish
by

by disease and want, in the streets of the most wealthy, the most charitable, and the most munificent city in the world.

“Surely,” said Mrs. Fielding, “there is something wrong in this. There ought to be a reputable receptacle established for affording temporary shelter to those who are willing to eat the bread of honest industry. The government ought—but, alas! I cannot dictate to the government. I have not the power to influence the makers of our laws. But cannot I do something towards the relief of a few of these unhappy individuals? Let me see—”

She then began to make calculations. Gradually, and with deep reflection formed her plan; appropriated a sum to carry it into execution; and at the time she carried Henry to her asylum, she could exult in the reflection, that without injury to her fortune, without assistance from the public, or aid from the purse of any individual, she had, in the five years that had elapsed

since the commencement of her scheme, afforded relief to above a thousand destitute females, of whom many were snatched from the jaws of ruin, and saved from courses that would have led to infamy or death.

At first the number admitted was very limited. She had now fourteen beds constantly occupied by as many women, whose willing industry was employed to such advantage in needle-work of various descriptions, that they entirely cleared the price of their maintenance. These were chiefly composed of servants, who by sickness, accident, or misfortune, had been thrown out of employment, and who were willing by their diligence to procure the recommendation of the house to creditable places. The unhappy female abandoned by the seducer, for whom she had quitted the protection of her friends, here found that shelter she dared not to implore from her offended family; and if inclined to acquire

quire habits of industry, was soon put in a way of earning a comfortable subsistence, and of regaining the invigorating stimulus of self-approbation. Even the wretched outcast of society, such as are every sessions disgorged from our prisons, and after having been acquitted by a jury of all crime, are charitably sent forth either to *steal* or *perish*, was admitted here; not indeed to the superior apartment, but to one provided with every necessary for their accommodation, where works of an inferior nature were carried on, the profits accruing from which were all appropriated to cloathing the poor wretches who here found shelter.

Three hundred a year was the sum first designed by Mrs. Fielding to be expended in this charity. It gradually increased to five, and would have been much greater, had she not found means to engage an American merchant in her interest, who opened a store in Charlestown for the sale

of ready-made linen garments; and would have taken off her hands, at a good price, more than she was able to supply.

“Five hundred a year!” cries Lady Racket; “blefs me, what a sweet masked ball one might give every winter with such a fum! It is true, Mrs. ****’s, and Lady *****’s, cost twice the money; but with five hundred pounds well managed, one might give a very pretty, dashy, stileish sort of an entertainment for a single evening. Do’nt you think so?”

CHAP. IV.

" This *forager* on others' wisdom, leaves

" Her native farm, her reason quite untill'd.

" With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,

" Dung'd, but not dress'd; and rich to beggary,

" A pomp untameable of weed prevails."

YOUNG.

MRS. Fielding and Henry were so deeply engaged in conversation as the carriage went down Holborn, they perceived not Bridgetina paddling along the dirty street. They did not, however, pass unobserved by her. " Yes!" cried she aloud, " there they are, side by side, tasting the balmy sweetness, drinking the delicious poison, which unsophisticated effective love sheds through the human heart! Perhaps they are now going to be married. O odious institution! nurse of depravity!

depravity! foe to energy and usefulness! Never shall I prevail upon the prejudices of Henry to break thy galling chain. But why should I despair? Is not truth omnipotent? Must not my reiterated efforts in the end prevail? What though he should be married? May I not convince him of the immoral tendency of all engagements? May I not demonstrate from the divine principles of philosophy, that promises are not, ought not, to be binding?"

Though the busy croud of passengers were too much occupied by their own concerns to take notice of her soliloquy, it met with numerous interruptions from the jostlings of hawkers, porters, draymen, &c. &c. who, careless of all before them, pushed their way in a manner so rude, as would frequently have provoked an expostulation from our heroine, had they not quickly got out of the reach of her voice. At the bottom of Holborn-hill the throng was so great, that she was unable to resist
its

its impetuosity; but hurried along by the torrent, was forced to make a retrograde movement of several steps. On another occasion she was carried forward with a rapidity as much beyond her strength as contrary to her inclination: gasping for breath, she attained the steps of a shop-door, where she stood for a few moments to recover herself. "Ah!" said she to herself, "how great must be his genius, who, in walking through a street like this, *can enter into nice calculations, can digest sagacious reasonings, can declaim or describe, impressed with the deepest sympathy, or elevated to the loftiest rapture!*"* Oh, that I could energize in such a manner!"

'You seem at a loss, Ma'am;' said a tolerably well-dressed man, who at that moment passed. 'Can I be of any service to you, in shewing you your way?'

"I should be sorry to task your urbanity, sir," returned Bridgetina; "but if

you are going to Mincing-lane, I shall willingly accept of your assistance."

The stranger declaring he should have pleasure in escorting her, Bridgetina laid hold of his offered arm, and ascended Snow-hill, not a little satisfied with her polite conductor. They had proceeded to the middle of Newgate-street, Bridgetina all the while loading with praises the benevolence of the stranger; when, to her utter astonishment, giving her a push into the middle of the street, he darted off, and was out of sight in a moment.

'Look to your pockets;' cried a butcher's boy. She did so, and to her no small dismay perceived that they had been both turned inside-out. Happily, a pocket-handkerchief and an empty purse was all she had to lose; but her spirits were so much fluttered by the accident, that she was glad to get into a coach, in which she hoped to return loaded with too considerable a sum to trust to the mercy of another benevolent stranger.

Sir

Sir Anthony Aldgate was at home; and our heroine, by her own desire, was conducted into his office, (a little, dismal, dirty-looking hole, where every thing wore the appearance of wretchedness and penury.) Here were several young men of no despicable parentage, no vulgar education, and no mean abilities, destined to pass the flower of their days in summing up pounds, shillings, and pence. But though every new combination increased the owner's wealth, it increased not the comforts of one of his dependants. Sir Anthony himself had no idea of any comfort but that of accumulation; and this place, which had been the scene of his successful negotiations, was in his eyes beautiful as the gates of Paradise, and cheerful as the garden of Eden.

Bridgetina, who had never seen the knight but in his dress-suit and tie-wig, was surprised at the appearance he now made, in a scarlet flannel night-cap, and night-gown of green stuff, lined throughout with crimson flannel.

flannel. A small black silk handkerchief was tied tightly round his neck, but quite hid from observation by the enormous mass of joller which overhung it. He was seated at the desk when our heroine entered, from which having raised his small black eyes, "My cousin Biddy Botherim!" cried he, "is it possible? I am glad to see you, my dear. But where is your mother? Up stairs, with my wife and daughter, I suppose. Well, better go up to them, and I shall be with you presently. Good-bye."

'My business at present is only with you,' rejoined Bridgetina; 'and I must request an immediate audience.'

"Business with me, my dear; and pray what about? I really did not think you knew any thing about business."

'My business is of some importance,' rejoined Bridgetina; 'I am to inform you that I have immediate use for a thousand pounds, and to request that you would let me have that sum as soon as possible.'

"What!

“What! are you then really going to be married!” cried Sir Anthony. “I declare I should not have thought of that; but I hope your mother has taken care of the main chance: a good warm man—hey?——”

‘I neither wish my mother, or any one else, to concern themselves in my affairs,’ said Bridgetina; ‘and desire you would put yourself to no farther trouble, than to make over to me the sum I mention.’

“Fair and softly, cousin,” rejoined Sir Anthony; “don’t you know that my consent in this business is absolutely necessary? And do you think that I will give my consent to any person that does not choose to settle your fortune upon you and your lawful issue?”

‘I shall have no lawful issue,’ cried Bridgetina angrily, ‘I hate lawful issue, and every thing that is lawful. Persons of enlightened minds ought not, by giving their sanction to an odious institution, to retard

retard the progress of intellect. I never shall marry.'

"No!" returned Sir Anthony, archly measuring with his little optics the figure of our heroine, "I believe not, my dear, till you get an offer, he, he, he—what, four grapes, Miss Biddy, hey?"

'Whether I have an offer or not, sir, is no concern of yours. All you have to do is, to let me have a thousand pounds of my own fortune, which I can now dispose of in a way that will reflect lasting honour on my name, and effectually operate towards the grand end of life, general utility.'

"A thousand pounds!" cried Sir Anthony, in amazement. "What d—ned fools these people in the country are; they know no more of the price of stocks than what's doing in the moon. Time of war, time of peace, loan or no loan, all's the same to them. I'd lay ten pounds to a sixpence, thou can't not tell what consols were done for any time these three months; and

and yet ye would sell out, would ye? A pretty ignoramus, truly! You may thank your stars, my dear, that your father left ye in better management. A thousand pounds, indeed! And pray, how would your wife head speculate with a thousand pounds?"

'Your perceptions,' returned Bridgetina, with a contemptuous sneer, 'your perceptions are too obtuse to penetrate the scope of the grand design in which I am about to engage. The virtues of the philosophers of Africa, with whom I intend shortly to associate, are too sublime for the comprehension of a vulgar mind. The——'

"What! going to speculate in Sierra-Leona shares, Miss Wisehead, are ye? But what, indeed, poor thing, should you know of such matters? Be thankful, again I tell you, be thankful that your father wisely put you into better hands. No man upon 'Change can tax me with having
ever

ever lost a farthing upon idle speculation. I remember in the year sixty-seven—no—I believe it was in the year sixty-nine—aye, now I think of it, it was in sixty-nine, for it was the very day after Mr. Alderman Pruett gave his grand feast on being elected to the ward of ——; I remember it well; the turtle soup was the very best I ever ate in my life. I say it was in the year sixty-nine, just as—”

Here Bridgetina made an attempt to interrupt the knight, but in vain; he thus proceeded:

“ You shall hear—you shall hear—I hate to be tedious. Just, I say, as I turned the corner of 'Change-alley, who should come up to me but Mr. Peter Purdy, brother to Purdy of Yarmouth, the great speculator in whale-blubber. He was a Scotchman; so was Peter. Aye, aye; they were both Scotsmen; a shrewd fellow, I warrant ye. Thought to take me in! But you shall hear. As I was saying, just as I
turned

turned the corner of 'Change-alley, up comes Peter. Now you must know, stocks had been done for $87\frac{3}{4}$ for the January account. I was then a bull—I remember it well—Nib, of Bartholomew-lane, was a lame duck, and Tom——”

‘I never concern myself with any body’s ducks,’ cried Bridgetina, impatiently, ‘I leave the care of the poultry entirely to my mother, and to her you may talk of such matters with propriety; but my energies are directed to nobler objects. Unhappy state of civilization! Odious laws, that put it in a man’s power to secure his property to his children! If it had not been for them my fortune should have been, ere now, disseminated in a direction which—’

“Aye, aye, you may thank your father’s will for having one shilling to rub upon another, I see that. It would all have gone else to sharpers and swindlers. Your father did well in consulting me; did he not? But, indeed, my cousin Bo-
therim

therim was a man of sense; he never took any step without consulting me. Who, do you think, advised his marriage with your mother? Ah! it was an excellent speculation! Six thousand pounds for a young curate, whose whole stock lay in the Greek and Latin funds, was no bad job, let me tell ye. I knew how old Pasty would cut up. There was not a better frequented cookshop in London than his. No one made better vermicelli soup. I well remember going there once with old Drugget of Lombard-street, father to Drugget of the Borough; he was partner to Bingley the broker, and did a monstrous deal of business. As I was saying, we went one day to old Pasty's, your grandfather's—"

'What is my grandfather to me?' cried Bridgetina; 'an illiterate drudge, whose energies were all directed to the sordid purposes of accumulation. I once for all desire to have a categorical answer. Will you, or will you not, let me have a thousand
fand

land pounds of my fortune to dispose of at my own pleasure?"

"A thousand pounds! no, nor a thousand pence neither; no, nor a single shilling while you remain a spinster, on any pretence whatever; so there's your answer, Miss: will that please you?"

"No, it does not please me; but what can be expected in a state of society so depraved? so—"

"God help the foolish girl, how she talks. Prythee, my dear, where didst thou pick up all this jargon? This is all along of them there foolish books your mother suffers you to read. If I ever caught my daughter so much as opening a book, it should be the dearest day she ever saw. But she is better taught, I promise ye; I don't believe she has looked in one since she came from school; don't know how she should, for not a book has ever been within these doors, but the Book of Common-Prayer, and old Robin's alma-

nack. Trust me for that. I know better what to do with my money."

'If you persist in refusing my request of the thousand pounds, I hope at least you will not deny me the trifling sum of twenty guineas for immediate necessities?'

"What! your last dividend all gone already? It is shameful extravagance. I shall not encourage such profusion, such a squandering of property; at a time, too, when it might be laid out to such advantage! It is monstrous. I tell you I shall not encourage it. Want money to buy books, I suppose—do ye? Is that the way you have spent all that I paid you in August?"

'Yes, man of narrow mind. That sum, which would have been spent in useless luxury by a weak, or vilely hoarded by an ignoble, spirit, was by me bestowed to promote the grand object of general utility.'

"General Fiddlestick!" exclaimed Sir Anthony.

Bridgetina

Bridgetina, without noticing the interruption, went on. ‘It was given to the enlightened Citizen Glib to enable him to import from France several valuable treatises on philosophy and atheism.’

“Philosophy and atheism!” repeated Sir Anthony in a fury. “Hell and confusion, who ever heard the like of this? What has made the stocks fall forty per cent. but philosophy and atheism? What has raised the price of insurance, and burthened the nation with such a load of new taxes, but philosophy and atheism? Tell me that? Why have we raised such an army, aye and such a navy too, but to keep these vile French principles out of the kingdom? And yet this here idle girl, this fool, this little viper, shall be the means of importing in a box, four feet square, all the principles that it has cost us so many millions of money, and so many hundred thousand lives to keep out of the kingdom! Away, I say, and never see my face; I

would inform on you for a farthing. Was it not for my cousin Botherim's memory, I should give you lodgings you little think of; but you shall have no harbour here, d'ye mind me! Never again darken my doors, I desire you. Never come here again on such an errand."

'Wretched mortal!' cried Bridgetina, 'how deplorable is thy ignorance! Yet,' continued she, in a tone that sufficiently indicated the violence she did in suppressing her resentment: 'yet thou hast energies, which, if properly directed, might produce glorious effects. Think not, however, by thy intemperance to intimidate me. He that would adorn himself with the most elevated qualities of a human being, ought to come prepared for encountering obloquy and misrepresentation. When thou art willing to listen to information, I shall be happy to instruct thee, till then I take my leave.' So saying, she tottered in great agitation to the coach, while the knight

knight returned to his seat with an intention of communicating to Mrs. Botherim a full account of the behaviour of her daughter, with a severe censure upon herself for permitting it.

Bridgetina, having given the coachman orders to drive to Conduit-street, pulled up the glasses, and throwing herself into a corner of the coach, gave way to a burst of passion, which was the more violent for having been so long suppressed.

Anger and disappointment so entirely occupied her mind, that the door was opened for her at Mrs. Benton's, before she recollected that she had not any means of paying the coachman. Her embarrassment was soon removed by her good-natured landlady; to whom, though she was already indebted more than Mrs. Benton's slender finances could bear without inconvenience, she did not scruple to owe a still farther obligation.

The

The idea of seeing Henry Sydney in the evening soon banished every disagreeable impression from her mind. Now, at length, she was to have an opportunity of combating all his objections; now she should have the glory of arguing him into love. A speech which had long been conned, twice written over in a fair hand, and thirteen times repeated in private, was now to prove its efficacy. It was taken from her pocket; the heads again run over; and for the help of memory, in case of interruption, a sort of index taken of the contents, which she thus read aloud, while the maid cleared the table after dinner.

Moral sensibility, thinking sensibility, importunate sensibility; mental sensation, pernicious state of protracted and uncertain feeling; congenial sympathy, congenial sentiment, congenial ardour; delicious emotions, melancholy emotions, frenzied emotions; tender feeling, energetic feeling, sublimised feeling; the germ, the bud, and the full-grown fruits
of

of general utility, &c. &c.* “Yes,” cried she, in extacy, when she had finished the contents, “this will do! Here is argument irresistible; here is a series of calculations, enough to pour conviction on the most incredulous mind. Henry overcome shall cry—Bridgetina, thou hast conquered!”

‘*Let not him that girdeth on his armour, boast as he that throweth it off;*’ said a wise king of Israel. The victory was not quite so decisive on the side of Bridgetina as she expected. The prejudices of Henry were

* Note, for the benefit of Novel-writers.—We here generously present the fair manufacturers in this line with a set of phrases, which, if carefully mixed up with a handful of story, a pretty quantity of moonshine, an old house of any kind, so that it be in sufficient decay, and well tenanted with bats and owls, and two or three ghosts, will make a couple of very neat volumes. Or should the sentimental be preferred to the descriptive, it is only leaving out the ghosts, bats, owls, and moonlight, and the above phrases will season any tender tale to taste.

invincible.

invincible. Instead of acknowledging the force of her arguments, he laughed at their absurdity. What she called the sublime deductions of recondite and abstract truth, he termed the pernicious delusions of sophistry; and so perversely erroneous were his sentiments, that instead of admiring the contempt of chastity as an exalted proof of female heroism and virtue, he persisted in reprobating the principles that could lead to such an idea, as destructive of the peace, the happiness, and the well-being of society.

Bridgetina, having gone twice round the circle of her arguments, was at length compelled to give an unwilling hearing to those of Henry. He began by assuring her of his friendship, and as the best proof he could give her of his good wishes for her happiness, pointed out to her in the strongest terms the consequences of her present conduct; and earnestly urged the necessity of her immediate return to W—,

as

as the only means of saving her from mortification and misfortune. He had at first laughed very heartily at her strange notion of his being in love with Mrs. Fielding; but apprehensive lest the old lady should be hurt by a hint of any thing so ridiculous, he took some pains to convince Bridgetina of her mistake as to the object of his passion; at the same time declaring, that though delicacy prevented him from mentioning the name of her who possessed his affections, they were for ever fixed.

“Who can promise for ever?” cried Bridgetina. “Are not the opinions of a perfectible being for ever changing? You do not at present see my preferableness, but you may not be always blind to a truth so obvious. How can I believe it compatible with the nature of mind, that so many strong and reiterated efforts shall be productive of no effect? Know, therefore, Doctor Sydney, it is my fixed purpose to persevere. I shall talk, I shall write, I shall

shall argue, I shall pursue you; and if I have the glory of becoming a moral martyr, I shall rejoice that it is in the cause of general utility."

'If you are resolved to be a martyr to your own folly, Miss Botherim,' said Henry, rising, 'I am determined your friends shall not have me to blame in the business. I solemnly assure you, this is the last time I shall ever speak to you, unless you shew, by your immediate return to W——, that you have recovered a sense of what you owe to yourself and to your sex. Good night.'

Bridgetina called after him in the soft tone of persuasion, but in vain. The hard-hearted youth hurried down stairs, and opening the street-door for himself, was out of hearing in a moment.

To paint the feelings of our heroine, on the abrupt departure of her beloved swain, is a task less suited to the pen than the imagination. To the imagination of our
readers

readers we shall therefore leave it; and content ourselves with observing, that as it is one of the prime advantages of *system* to be able to twist, and turn, and construe every thing to its own advantage, defeat produces as potent a stimulus to perseverance as victory.

The three following days were employed by Bridgetina in the composition of a letter, which she determined should be a masterpiece of fine writing. It was, indeed, the very essence of philosophy, and flower of eloquence. The stile was sublime and energetic, adorned in every sentence by strings of double and treble epithets, and all the new-coined noun-verbs and verb-nouns that have of late so much enriched the English language. As to the arguments, the reader must have formed a very inadequate idea of Bridgetina's powers, if he does not believe them to be unanswerable. After having carefully taken a copy, which she resolved should on some future

future day be generously presented to the public, she consigned the letter to the care of Jenny, with instructions to give it into Henry's own hand, and diligently to observe the expression of his countenance while he perused it.

The twenty minutes of Jenny's absence appeared an age to Bridgetina. She took her station at the window, and at length had the happiness of seeing her messenger of love appear, loaded to her wish, with a packet still larger than her own. "He has written! He has written!" cried she, in an extacy. "He has at length deigned to enter into a discussion on the important truths it has been my glory to promulgate. My *powers* shall be again called forth in an answer. Our correspondence shall be printed. It shall be published. It shall be called *The Sweet Sensations of Sensibility, or the Force of Argument*. But here she comes. Give me the letter. But before I open it, let me know how he received mine?"

mine? I see by this it must have arrived in a moment of impression. Did he not kiss the seal? Did he not in trembling extacy press it to his throbbing bosom? Tell me, tell me all, I conjure you."

"He did not kiss a bit of it, that I saw, Ma'am," returned Jenny. "He only took it out of my hand, and said Pshaw."

"Pshaw! What does Pshaw signify? What is its etymology? From whence its derivation? I must look to the dictionary. But did you mark his looks, as he perused the important pages? Did you observe where he changed colour, where he appeared struck with admiration, and where thrilled with delight?"

"I could see nothing of all which you says, Ma'am; for though I told him as how that you desired me to see him pruse it, he only said Phoh! and walked into his closet."

"Charming delicacy! But here, here it is that I shall view the portrait of his soul. Here the high-wrought frenzied emotions

emotions of his bosom are doubtless portrayed. Here——”

‘ Bless me, Ma’am, how pale you look! Aye, that is the very letter I carried to the gentleman, sure enough. The seal not so much as broken! I’ll be bound he never read a word on’t. Well now, I wow I never saw a more ungenteeler thing done in all my life; and if I was you, Ma’am, (thof to be sure, you must know best) but I should ha’ my fingers burnt before I should write another fullebul to such a grumpish sort of a gentleman.’

“ My epistle of fourteen pages, my precious essay on philosophy and love, returned without a perusal—returned in a blank cover! O hideous perversion of intellect! O prejudices, obstinate and invincible! Has he no sense of justice, no sense of the duty he owes society, that he thus deprives of her usefulness one of its most valuable members? O Jenny, Jenny, I can energize no longer. The freezing
frost

frost of frigid apathy chills my powers: The morbid excess of a distempered imagination choaks the germ of general utility! I shall become a wanderer in the barren wilderness of society, an useless plant in the populous desert of human life! Leave me, leave me to myself, that I may in apt soliloquy give vent to the palpitating perturbation of my woe-struck fancy."

' Good la! what a power o' fine words you ha, Ma'am, just at your fingers' ends too, as a body may say. I never did hear so fine a spoken lady in all my life. But, well-a-day! the men care no more for a woman's words, if so be as how that she happens to be a little ordinary or so, than for the squeaking of a pig. But I would despise the fellors, so I would—and so I does. I walors not e'er a man in the world the walor of a rush!'

Bridgetina again signified her pleasure to be left alone, and Jenny, not a little pleased with having been so far admitted

to her confidence, hastened to disburthen herself of all she knew of the late transaction, to the very first person that would give her the hearing.

While Bridgetina was eloquently bemoaning the indignant treatment of her letter in the drawing-room, and Jenny expatiating on the same subject (though, perhaps, in terms not exactly similar) in the kitchen; the whole soul of Henry was entirely occupied, not with Bridgetina, nor with her love, nor with her letter, but with the contents of one he had just received from his father; and in the perusal of which he had been interrupted by Miss Botherim's messenger. The old gentleman's epistle was as follows:

“ My dear Henry,

“ IT would be superfluous to dwell upon the pleasure your letters have afforded to those most dearly interested in your happiness. Though far from considering

sidering fortune as the “ one thing needful,” the exclusive object of pursuit, I cannot but with thankfulness contemplate your opening prospects of honourable independence. May the Giver of all good bestow upon you *a heart to enjoy*, a mind superior to the restlessness of ambition, and stranger to the gnawings of discontent. For the attainment of these happy dispositions, without which increase of fortune is but increase of sorrow, I know no better means (next to an habitual dependence on the Divine favour) than the pursuit of science, particularly those branches of it that are most intimately connected with your profession.

“ I am delighted with the success of your chemical experiments, and still more highly satisfied with the ingenuous frankness you display in so candidly acknowledging your former errors. But such must ever be the consequence of directing our researches, not into the wild and fruit-

less regions of idle speculation, where the chimeras of fancy are mistaken for realities, and bold conjecture assumes the authoritative tone of truth; but into those laws of nature that, by being objects of sense, and subject to the investigation of experiment, are within the grasp of our limited and feeble minds.

“ Such speculations have, indeed, a direct tendency to influence the moral character of man. It is this that stamps them with their real value; for to whatever height we ascend in tracing the causes which regulate the system of the world, our views must at last terminate in an uncaused Being, in whom all the beauty and order, all the wisdom and power, displayed throughout the universe, are centered. “ When we look around us,” says an amiable philosopher, in the conclusion of a volume that presented a valuable discovery to the world, “ When we look around us, we perceive that every part

part of the material world is governed by general laws; and when we reflect that in this vast system of things, a race of beings exists, to whom the Deity has communicated a portion of his intelligence and activity, we cannot avoid concluding, that laws must have been ordained for the government of such beings, as well as for that of all other parts of the universe.”*

“ Thus does the study of Nature lead us up to Nature’s God. Thus does the material world itself give evidence to the probability of a revelation, and to those whose minds have been expanded by the contemplation of the union of grandeur and simplicity in the works of creation, it must be peculiarly delightful to observe the same union of grandeur and simplicity characterising the gospel of Jesus Christ.

“ Yes, my son, believe me, the more you study the life and precepts of our

* Treatise on Animal Heat and Combustion. By Adair Crawford, M. D.

great Master, the more forcibly will you be struck with the congruity at which I have already hinted. But, alas! as in the infancy of natural philosophy, the ill-directed diligence of the chemist was wasted upon trifles, while the grand laws of nature were unnoticed and unknown; so in the Christian world, has the zeal of believers been more strenuously exerted in the support of non-important forms and dogmas, than in the promulgation of those grand and simple truths which are marked with the signet of Nature's God.

“ I need not apologize to you, my dear Harry, for being led into a subject which, though the most important, as well as the most exalted, of which human beings can treat, it is, I know, deemed a breach of politeness to hint at even to a friend; but shall confess, that the impression made upon my mind by the conversation I held with Captain Delmond on his death-bed, has given an unusual degree of solemnity to
the

the train of my ideas. Indeed the misfortunes of that unhappy family, as well as the misery that has overtaken some others of this place, so evidently originate in false impressions received of religion, as a gloomy and illiberal system of superstition, that I cannot cease from deploring the neglect of early information on this important point, as the foundation of those mistaken prejudices that are fraught with consequences so fatal to the happiness of society.

“ While Captain Delmond was taught to idolise the name of *honour* as the palladium of human virtue, religion was presented to his mind as a mean and inferior principle, incapable of inspiring noble sentiments in the soul of a gentleman. Had not the avenues to investigation been thus pre-occupied by prejudice, he would have discovered that *honour*, which is nothing more than a nice susceptibility to the censure or applause of mankind, is neither so grand in its views, so extensive in its operation,

ration, nor so noble in its object, as that principle which teaches the heart to appeal for its purity and integrity, not to the purblind judgment of our fellow-mortals, but to a Being of infinite purity and perfection. While performing a part on the busy stage of life, Captain Delmond found honour competent to the purpose of gaining him the flattering approbation of the multitude, which was reverberated by self-applause; but when he proposed it as the sole principle of action to his daughter, when he deprived her mind of the supporting aid of religion, and desired her to consider the intrinsic excellence of virtue as its own sure and only reward, he was not aware how liable she was to be taught by sophistry a definition of virtue very opposite to his. Had a proper value for the morality of the Gospel, enhanced by its gracious promises and elevated views, been instilled into her tender mind, his child, his darling Julia, would not have brought the
grey

grey hairs of her father with sorrow to the grave.

“ The remains of this unhappy gentleman were yesterday consigned to their parent dust in military state, and with a degree of magnificence, an ostentatious parade of pomp and grandeur, that, in my opinion, was ill-suited to the occasion. After the conclusion of the ceremony, Gen. Villers and a Major Minden, (a man of large fortune, who, it seems, had made proposals to Miss Delmond) politely waited on the poor forlorn and disconsolate widow, and took their leave of her in terms of the most courtly civility. I expected that the General, who was no stranger to the poverty to which she was reduced, would have come forward with some generous offer of pecuniary assistance. But no: the General’s generosity was completely expended in producing the parade of a half an hour’s procession; and I greatly question, whether he ever does Mrs. Delmond the honour of another visit.

“ After

“ After the departure of these great gentlemen, I was called out of the room by Quinten, the Captain’s old domestick, on whose face was painted the sincerity of sorrow; he beckoned me into the back-parlour, and having once or twice, with a stroke of his hard hand, driven away the tears that fell upon his furrowed cheek, “ I thought, sir,” said he, “ when I saw the lid of the coffin screwed down upon my good master, that I had lived too long. When I heard the hammer knock upon the last nail, my heart so sunk at every stroke, it made a coward of me; and I should have been glad to have skulked to the quiet garrison of death. But then, when I thought on my poor mistress, and remembered how my poor dear master loved her, I scorned to be so cowardly as to desert my post, when, by fighting with life a little longer, I might save her from being stormed by want. I know all I can do is but a trifle—a nothing, as a body may say, to folks that are any way above

the world, but it may be of use to her for all that ; and so, as I hear you are going to look into my master's papers, and to see what can be made out for my poor mistress, I thought it best to tell you to take my pension into the account."

"Your pension, Quinten! and what do you reserve for yourself?"

"Nothing but what I can earn by my own labour. Thank God, I am not yet past working. You see how well I have dressed the Captain's garden. It was I that made that pretty serpentine walk for Miss Julia, and planted all them flowers, of which she used to be so fond. Alas! that I should ever live to see the day of her deserting them! Oh, who would have thought it! such a pretty creature as she was, and so mild-spoken, and so good to every body, that she should after all go for to break her father's heart!"

"Well, but, honest Quinten, you do not consider that you are now in the decline of
life,

life, and cannot long be able to labour as you have done."

"I know it, sir. I am growing old apace, but Sam Smith, the old gardener at Bensfield, is ten years older than I am, and he still keeps his place. I am a stouter man than he at any time. And so, dy'e see, I am determined not to touch a farthing of this here Chelsea pension while I am able to lift a spade. Did not I get it by the good word of my master; and who, then, has so good a right to it as his widow? Here are twelve guineas besides, which, I humbly beg, you would fall on some means to make her accept; for I know she would not touch it, if she thought it came from me. So pray don't let her know who sent it; for folks in affliction ought to be mighty tenderly dealt with, so as not to hurt their pride—*feelings*, I believe, my young mistress would have called it, but I am not learned enough to know the difference."

"Honest,

“Honest, worthy Quinten!” cried I, grasping his hand, “thou hast a heart that doth honour to thy species, and principles that are more estimable than all the learning in the world. At a period when neither talents nor learning shall avail, thy gratitude and thy virtues shall exalt thee to glory!” I was so struck by the nobleness of this poor fellow’s behaviour, that I could not avoid giving you the conversation in detail. I shall be more brief with regard to what followed, though for the honour of your friend I ought there likewise to be particular.

“On examining the books and papers of the deceased, it appeared, that all which remained to the widow was the house and furniture, and twenty-five pounds a year from an annuity-association, of which her husband had been a member. I had planned an application to Mrs. Fielding for doubling this sum, when Mr. Churchill generously stepped forward, and with a delicacy

delicacy that enhanced the merit of his generosity declared, that though the transaction did not appear in any of the Captain's papers, he was trustee for an annuity of an hundred pounds to Mrs. Delmond, which as long as she remained a widow, should be regularly paid at the terms of Lady-Day and Michaelmas.

“ I know how you will rejoice in the noble conduct of your friend, but I believe I should have left the description of it to your sister, whose lively sensibility to all that is great and excellent would have done that justice to the subject of which my tired pen is now incapable. From her own lips, however, you will shortly have an opportunity of receiving it; and I do not think she will suffer any circumstance that attended it to lose in the recital.

“ Sadly shall I feel the dear girl's absence, whose company is the solace of my heart. The sweetness of her temper, the harmonious cheerfulness of her disposition, might

might soften the rugged breast of a tyrant, and soothe the most boisterous passions into peace; to me they are enhanced by a mind of quick intelligence, whose cultivation has been the sweetest and the easiest task of my whole life. I must, however, carefully conceal from her the pain her absence shall occasion me; as otherwise, I know all the pleasure Mrs. Fielding has prepared for her would be destroyed. She and her friend Miss Orwell are now busily employed in preparing for their purposed expedition, to which they look forward with the happy ardour of juvenile expectation. The kind consideration of Mrs. Fielding, in inviting Miss Orwell to partake with Maria in the scenes of novelty and amusement, where their reciprocal feelings of surprise and pleasure must enhance their mutual delight, is a new proof of the goodness of her heart. Harriet does not, however, express her relish for the journey in the same manner as Maria.

The

The emotion with which she now speaks of it, is less gay, and apparently more constrained. When first informed that her father had given his consent to her acceptance of Mrs. Fielding's invitation, she, indeed, appeared agitated in a greater degree than I should have expected from a girl of her understanding; but that I suppose was from the mere love of novelty, a charm that never fails to operate strongly on the youthful breast. This day fortnight is fixed on for the day of their departure, Dr. Orwell is himself to be their escort, and Mr. Churchill likewise proposes being of the party; Mrs. Botherim has delayed her journey, in order to have their company upon the road, so that they will fill two chaises, and, if no accident interposes, have the promise of a pleasant journey.

“ Meantime I shall be left to the enjoyment of my own reflections; but, thank God, these are not disagreeable companions.

nions. I can look upon the past with comfort, and to the future without dismay. In the happiness of my children I am more than happy. O may this dearest of all felicities be my companion and my solace through all the short space that now remains for me to tread! May they never cause me a sigh of sorrow, as, thanks to Heaven, they have never tinged my cheeks with the blush of anger or of shame. God bless thee, my dear Harry, prays your tenderly affectionate father,

“ H. SYDNEY.”

P.S. I find I have committed a sad blunder, in telling you of the intended journey to London. It was to have been a secret, it seems, and much pleasure did the girls promise themselves in your surprise. It is in vain I preach to Maria about the sin it would be to deprive you of the pleasure of anticipation, which, alas! makes up such a mighty part of the small sum of human happiness. They in-

list

list upon my writing the last part of my letter over again, but my fingers are already cramped, so it must go; and when you read it, you may go to your glafs, and tell them how you looked when you see them; for it is their curiosity as to this important point, that I now find to be their reason for secrecy. God help them! poor things! Adieu!

CHAP. V.

“ ——— He was a shrewd philosopher,
 “ And had read every text and gloss over.
 “ Whate’er the crabbed’st author hath,
 “ He understood b’ implicit faith.

“ All which he understood by rote,
 “ And as occasion serv’d, wou’d quote.”

BUTLER.

‘HARRIET Orwell coming up to town by invitation from Mrs. Fielding!’ exclaimed Henry. “How extraordinary! Is it in order to gratify my wishes, or to try my prudence, that she at this juncture brings her to London? No matter which; I shall see my Harriet; I shall hear her sweet voice; I shall have the delight of being near her almost continually. Dear Mrs. Fielding, how I bless thee!’

In the midst of this delirium of pleasure, Henry was interrupted by the arrival of Miss Botherim's letter. Of the manner of its reception it is unnecessary to repeat the particulars, as they have already been given so minutely by Jenny, whose faithful report of all that fell from Henry's lips upon the occasion, justly entitles her to our applause. No sooner had he re-delivered the important packet into the hands of Bridgetina's messenger, than he stepped to Mrs. Fielding's, on pretence of informing her of the contents of his father's letter, but in reality to endeavour to penetrate into her motives for inviting Miss Orwell to accompany his sister to London. In vain did he watch her countenance, while she perused that part of the epistle which had caused him such extreme emotion; he only saw it lighted up with a benignant smile. "How much is Maria, how much are we all indebted to your goodness!" cried he; "how happy have you made me—I—mean, how—"

' You

‘ You mean, I suppose, that it was good-natured of me to provide your sister with a companion, that she might not be altogether confined to the society of an old woman, which you know from experience to be sufficiently tiresome. You see how well I can explain for you.’

“ The society of Mrs. Fielding must ever——”

‘ Be superior in your opinion to that of a young and pretty girl, I suppose; but as Maria may be of a different way of thinking, I imagined a companion of her own age would be no disagreeable circumstance to her; and as I wished to pay my old acquaintance, Dr. Orwell, a compliment, I thought I could not do it at an easier rate than by inviting his daughter to spend a few weeks in London. But, pray, who is this Mr. Churchill? He seems a character that is worth the knowing, and I must desire you would introduce him to me whenever he comes to town.’

“ I shall

“I shall have a pride in presenting him to you as my earliest and dearest friend; and one I can, with confidence, pronounce worthy of the honour of your acquaintance.”

‘Does he reside at W——?’

“He was brought up by a rich uncle, whose estate surrounds the village, but who was such a miser, that, though Churchill was his only near relation, and a deserved favourite, he could hardly be prevailed upon to afford him the education of a gentleman. My friend’s genius was rather stimulated than repressed by the obstacles which his uncle’s avarice threw in the way of his improvement. His intimacy with me brought him frequently to our house, where his thirst after knowledge was encouraged and gratified by the lessons of my father. The expences attending an university education would for ever have deterred the old gentleman from permitting him to prosecute his studies in a professional manner, had it not fortunately occurred

curred to him, that by having a lawyer in his own family, he might gratify his love of litigation without the expence of a fee."

"Admirably calculated! He took care, I presume, that the young gentleman's studies should not be interrupted by those ingenious contrivances for getting rid of superfluous cash, that occupy so much of the time and talents of our young gentlemen of fashion at the university!"

"Alas! poor Charles! His ingenuity was, indeed, very differently employed. His most rigid economy was necessary to preserve the appearance of a gentleman; and the purchase of books, and attending lectures on such subjects of literature or science as were not immediately connected with his profession, was all stolen from his slender allowance of pocket-money. Yet these circumstances, then considered as so mortifying, he now regards as fortunate. But for these he might have been drawn into the vortex of dissipation, and in the
wild

wild career of pleasure have lost his taste for science, and regard to virtue."

'Too truly observed,' said Mrs. Fielding; 'and in my opinion, the abundance of pocket-money, with which every school-boy is now furnished, has done as much towards the rapid progress of depravity, as any circumstance whatever. I hope your friend's success at the bar has been equal to his merit.'

"It has at least far exceeded his most sanguine expectations," returned Henry. "But the honour that has accrued to him from undertaking the cause of a helpless family, who, but for his generous aid, might have perished in obscurity and want, has deservedly raised his reputation into celebrity. Indeed, his whole conduct has given an ample proof that the profession of the law is not necessarily a narrower of the human heart."

'Narrow and illiberal must be his heart, that can so pronounce of it,' returned

Mrs.

Mrs. Fielding. ‘ It is, like other professions, open to men of unprincipled, as well as to virtuous, minds; and the selfish passions have there, perhaps, as wide a field for their operation as in any other. But, thank heaven, we need not go to the records of former ages for illustrious instances of lawyers, whose eminent talents have been more than equalled by their exalted virtues.’

Henry again endeavoured to turn the conversation to the subject that engrossed his thoughts, but in vain. He could not obtain from Mrs. Fielding the smallest satisfaction relative to Miss Orwell’s visit: she so sedulously avoided coming to any explanation, that he left her without being able in the least degree to penetrate her intentions.

Leaving Henry to pursue

“ The idle phantasies of love,

“ Whose miseries delight,”

we return to Bridgetina. Her abstract
reasoning

reasoning and most profound reflections on the unenlightened conduct of her lover, received a very unseasonable interruption from Mrs. Benton. That good woman, after a modest preface of many apologies for the liberty she was compelled to take, presented her an account of the sum due for a fortnight's lodging ; which, together with what had been disbursed for other necessaries, amounted to seven guineas.

“Seven guineas!” said Bridgetina; “it is an unnatural state of civilization, in which seven guineas can be spent so soon. But my mind cannot at present descend to the vulgar concerns of common life. You may leave your bill, however, and when the present romantic, high-wrought, frenzied emotions of my perturbed spirit have a little subsided, I shall enter into an examination of the contents.”

‘I am extremely sorry to disturb you, Madam,’ returned Mrs. Benton, ‘but shall
be

be really much obliged to you, if you can possibly make it convenient to settle it at present. I make a point of paying all our trades-people so regularly, that I shall be quite distressed at not being able to discharge the butcher's bill, and he is to return for the money in the evening.'

"Regularity," rejoined Bridgetina, "is a characteristic of common honesty, that *non-conductor to all the sympathies of the human heart; that infallible proof of mediocrity, to which it is impossible that any thing great, magnanimous, or ardent, can be allied.*"* Punctuality in the discharge of one's debts is held in deserved contempt by the illustrious and eccentric part of mankind; in whose eyes common honesty is a nuisance, reprobated and abhorred."

'It is, indeed, as you say, Ma'am, but common honesty to pay one's debts; and too often is it neglected by those who ought to set a better example. Oh, if my

* See Enquirer.

daughters

daughters and I were but regularly paid for our embroidery by the fine ladies for whom we work, we should then be but too happy, for we should then have nothing to care for. But great folks do not know the degree of misery they often inflict by their carelessness; they are too highly exalted out of the sphere (as one may say) of their fellow-creatures to cast a thought upon the difficulties of those who are to earn their bread by labour. I myself know ladies who never refuse to open their purses to charity, but who, if they had paid their tradesmen with punctuality, might have preserved some honest families from ruin."

*"Want of punctuality has for time immemorial supplied materials for invective against great and extraordinary characters,"** returned Bridgetina. It is, as I said before, a breach of common honesty; and greatly is it to be regretted, that common honesty

should so long have gained the applause of an injudicious world. But when mankind shall have been sufficiently enlightened by philosophy, utterly to discard the ignoble prejudices of religion, regard to common honesty will cease. Blessed æra! when a fair character shall be no longer deemed essential! When promises shall be no longer binding! And when men who have *practically proved themselves the pests and enemies of their species*, shall be estimated according to their energies; and for acts, which would in the present distempered state of civilization, be deemed worthy of the gallows, receive the applause due to their *eminent talents and uncommon generosity!*”

‘ I cannot express myself so finely as you do, Ma’am, but I believe what you observe is very just; that though morals are badly enough attended to at present, God knows, yet if religion were banished from the world, (which Heaven forbid!) it would be far worse.’ Again laying the bill before Bridgetina

getina on the table, she begged her to peruse it at her leisure, and after making a second apology for her intrusion, left the room.

“Unnatural state of civilization!” cried Bridgetina, as soon as she was alone; “Odious and depraved society, where every thing one eats, or drinks, or wears, must necessarily be paid for! Oh, wise and enlightened Hottentots! ye alone of all mankind have attained to that state of perfection so charmingly described by the philosopher! where the evils of co-operation are avoided, where pecuniary rewards for labour are unknown, and a blessed state of equality gives vigour to the intellect, and rouses the sublime energies of the soul. Oh, that I were in the midst of the Gonoquais horde! There no mercenary demand for the rent of my lodgings, no fares to hackney-coachmen, no bills from laundresses, nor butchers, nor bakers, nor grocers, nor shoe-makers, nor chandlers, nor
glovers,

glovers, would interrupt the sublime speculations of my towering fancy; but each congenial Hottentot, energizing in his self-built shed, would be too much engrossed by forming projects for general utility to break in upon my repose!"

Some hours were thus spent by our heroine in deprecating the odious institutions of the society in which it was unhappily her lot to live, before she thought of any method of extricating herself from her present embarrassment. It at length, however, very fortunately occurred to her recollection, that she had, on the day of her fruitless application to the city knight, observed the words *Money Lent* inscribed upon the door-posts of a shop in Oxford-street.

"Happy circumstance!" cried she, as soon as the thought occurred; "How fortunate was it, that by taking that road to the city, I should become acquainted with the abode of this philanthropist. Thus it is that events generate each other! Had
Alexander

Alexander the Great never bathed in the Cydnus, Shakespeare would never have written.* Had I gone by the Strand, I might not have known, that even in this depraved and unnatural state of civilization, men are to be found, who, convinced of the immoral tendency of accumulation, promote the glorious æra of equality by distributing their superfluous wealth. Let me hasten to the abode of this enlightened person, who will doubtless deem it a duty to supply my wants.”

Delighted with this idea, she hastily threw on her cloak, and proceeded without delay to the place where the advertisement had arrested her attention. The place was easily found. She entered, and instantly demanded an audience of the enlightened personage who had notified the generous intention of lending money. His wife was the person to whom she addressed herself; who told her, that Mr. Poppem was then

* See Pol. Jus.

engaged

engaged with a customer in the parlour, but that she could do her business equally well.

“My business,” replied Bridgetina, “is to converse with the man you call your husband; for that he is your husband I can scarcely suppose, as it is little likely that a philosopher, who is convinced of the immoral tendency of accumulation, should give encouragement to a monopoly so pernicious as marriage.”

‘Dy’e mean to tell me, that I am not an honest woman?’ cried the shopkeeper’s in an enraged voice.

“An honest woman is a very mean and vulgar appellation for a person who acts upon principles of abstract virtue,” rejoined Bridgetina. “I make no doubt that your virtues are sublime; and it is the high idea I have conceived of Mr. Poppem’s, that now brings me here. Pray let him know, that a person of no mean energies wishes to converse with him.”

The

The sight of Bridgetina's large gold watch, which, in spite of the change of fashion, she still wore suspended from her apron-string by its massy chain of the same precious metal, operated as a more powerful pacifier of the good woman's resentment than all the arguments of philosophy. Without farther hesitation, she conducted our heroine to the inner chamber of Mr. Poppem, a place peculiarly dedicated to the mysteries of his profession; where, like a bronze statue that has been accidentally pushed into some ill-afforted wardrobe, he sat half-hid from view by piles of gowns, petticoats, great-coats, &c. A wretched-looking female stood before him, with a half-starved infant in her arms.

"And will you really give no more?" cried the suppliant, in a feeble voice.

"No more!" returned Poppem; "no, not a shilling more, if it was to save you from the gallows. There's ne'er a pawnbroker in London would ha' gi'n you the
half

half on't on that there trash; so you may take up your money, and be gone.'

"I must so!" returned the woman, with a heavy sigh; and taking up a few shillings that lay on a small table, she pressed her infant to her breast. "Yes, dearest," said she, "you shall now have bread!" The child turned up its languid eyes to her pale face, which was bedewed with tears. She again pressed it to her bosom, and departed.

'I beg your pardon, Miss,' cried Mr. Poppem, on perceiving Bridgetina. 'I purtest I have been so bothered by that there woman, and her tales of a cock and bull, that I did not observe you. These sort of paupers are such troublesome people to have any dealings with, that for my share, I declare I never wish to see one of them enter my shop. But pray, what is your demand, Miss?'

"I come, enlightened citizen," replied Bridgetina, "I come to inform myself of

your motives, to enquire into your principles, and to convince you that I am entitled to a share in the property which, I make no doubt, it is your study to distribute according to the unerring rules of moral justice."

'Justice!' returned the pawn-broker; 'What d'ye mean by justice? I never was before any justice, but Justice Trap, in all my life; and then no one dared to say that black was the white of my eye. I stands upon my character. I deals upon the fair and the square. All open and above-board. I am no refetter of stolen goods—no abettor of robbery—no——'

"I understand you," said Bridgetina, interrupting him. "The unequal distribution of property may, undoubtedly, be termed a robbery; and *all existing abuses are to be deprecated only as they serve to increase and perpetuate the inequality of conditions*.* When mankind are sufficiently

* See Pol. Jus. vol. ii. -illumi-

illuminated, every person, possessed of property, will act as you, Mr. Poppem, now do. What I want particularly to know, is your mode of estimating the worth of individuals; or, in other words, the criterion by which you judge of capacity?"

'Produce the pledge, Miss,' said Mr. Poppem; 'and if I don't estimate it as fairly as e'er a pawn-broker in London, you shall ha' the money for nothing.'

"What proof of powers or energies can the narrow limits of one short conversation afford?" returned Bridgetina. "I am, however, prepared to discuss, to investigate, to argue, to energize, to——"

Here the voice of a person in the front-shop attracted the attention of our heroine. She stopped to listen, and instantly recognised the peculiar dialect of her townsman, Mr. Glib. "How fortunate!" cried she, opening the slight door that separated the place she was in from the outer shop. "See

how events generate each other!" holding out her hand to Mr. Glib.

'Ha! Citizeness Botherim!' cried Glib. 'How do, chuck? Glad to see you. Didn't think to meet ye here, though. Dost not come to Pop, surely?'

Bridgetina immediately informed her brother illumin   of the motives of her visit to Mr. Poppem, at which he laughed so immoderately as to incur no small degree of our heroine's resentment.

'Can't help it, for my foul,' cried Glib, breaking into another immoderate fit of laughter. 'Take a pawn-broker for a philosopher! How comical! But never mind; better than us come for cash. Can't help me to any? Curfedly out at elbows. Citizen Vall no better than a scoundrel. Sold my books to Lackington, and gone off with the cash. Left me without a sixpence. Can lend me five pounds, I hope.'

"No, really," returned Bridgetina, "I have not at present so much as five shillings
in

in my possession, and came here in hopes of receiving a supply for myself."

'So you can,' returned Glib. 'Get it on your watch. No watches among the Hottentots. No baubles, nor trinkets, nor gewgaws, in a reasonable state of society. Give it to me. Get you the money in a twinkling. How much do you want?'

"Ten guineas will do for my immediate exigences," replied Bridgetina, putting the watch into his hands.

'Say no more,' cried Glib. 'Shalt have it in a moment.' Then skipping across the shop, he entered Mr. Poppem's apartment without ceremony, and in a few minutes returned with fifteen pounds and a duplicate. The latter he put into the hands of Bridgetina, with the ten-pound note. 'Ten will serve your turn,' said he, and five is just what I want myself. Shall pay it in a trice.'

"But when?" cried Bridgetina, perceiving him about to leave her. "When shall

shall I see you? I shall want the money in a few days, and you do'nt know where to find me."

'Never make promises,' cried Glib. 'Nothing so immoral. Damps my energies to see a creditor. Preserve your energies, my dear. That's it! Energies do all!' So saying, he skipped out of the shop, and mingling with the croud, was quickly out of sight.

Bridgetina, forgetting at that moment the immoral tendency of punctuality, was extremely disconcerted by the sudden departure of Glib without a promise of repayment. The illuminated citizen's contempt of common honesty she knew to be as far superior to her own, as practice is to theory; but though she ought, upon her own principles, to have made a point of conceding to him the larger sum, as being the more deserving individual, yet either through the operation of some latent prejudice, or of some pre-disposing causes generated in the

the

the eternity that preceded her birth, she felt more inclined at that moment to relieve the pressing difficulties of her own situation, than to pay attention to the probably still more pressing difficulties by which he was embarrassed. Replete with chagrin and disappointment, she slowly returned to her lodgings ; and having discharged Mrs. Benton's bill, retired to her own apartment, to muse in solitude and silence on the many miseries that overspread the barren wilderness of society.

CHAP. VI.

" He little recks the woes which wait

" To scare his dreams of joy;

" Nor thinks to-morrow's alter'd fate

" May all those dreams destroy."

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

SLOWLY, in the opinion of Henry, did the hours move on, till the day that brought his sister and her fair companion to London. At length the sun arose that was to light them on their journey, and never did astronomer with more anxiety watch its progress on the day of the transit of a planet, than did Henry on this occasion. He had formed the design of meeting them at Barnet, and having ordered his servant to procure horses, mounted about three o'clock, and set off full speed,

in

in hopes of surprizing them by his appearance at the Red-Lion, which he expected to reach before their arrival.

The day had been unusually fine for the season, but by the time he had got to Highgate, the sky became obscured, and a thick fog gradually spread over the face of the country. Cheered by the prospect in his "mind's eye," he pushed forward, and having obtained the rising ground in the middle of Finchley-Common, observed with palpitating delight the approach of two post-chaifes, which he doubted not contained the friends he was in quest of. Riding briskly up to the first of the carriages, the glasses of which were all up, he called to the postillion to stop. The post-boy obeyed. Immediately the front glass was let down, and the kindly greetings of Henry answered by the firing of a pistol! At the same moment two persons leaped from the carriage, and holding their pistols to the supposed highwayman, laid hold of
the

the bridle, which had dropped from his hand.

“Have you enough?” cried one of the gentlemen.

‘Yes,’ returned Henry; ‘and when you have discovered your mistake, you will probably think I have had too much.’

Henry’s servant being neither so well mounted as his master, nor inspired with an equal degree of impatience, had fallen considerably behind. He darted forward at the report of the pistol, and seeing his master (as he imagined) in the hands of footpads, he called out for help.

The gentleman who had fired the pistol, had, from the appearance of Henry, and still more from his manner of speaking, begun to have some apprehensions of his mistake. The appearance of the servant gave additional strength to his surmises.

“Wherefore did you stop the carriage?” cried he, in a voice rather less violent than his former tone.

‘I expected

‘ I expected to meet with friends,’ said Henry, ‘ and confess I owe the accident entirely to my own imprudence. Whatever may be its consequences, you, sir, are acquitted of all blame.’

“ Curse on my rashness!” cried the gentleman; “ but I hope, sir, you are not much hurt?”

‘ Not mortally, I trust,’ returned Henry. ‘ From my feelings, I should suppose the ball to be lodged in my shoulder: the wound in my arm will signify nothing.’

“ A brave fellow, by my shoul!” exclaimed a person who at that moment came up from the second carriage. “ I hope you will soon be after settling the matter honourably, my dear, and be able to call him to account for taking a highwayman for a gentleman.”

• ‘ I can only blame my own imprudence,’ said Henry.

“ You may forgive me,” said the gentleman, grasping Henry’s hand; “ but I
never

never shall forgive myself. But let us not delay. My servant shall ride your horse, while you take his place in the carriage with me. I shall be miserable till the wound has been examined. Pray let us make haste."

'The gentleman may do as he pleases,' said the other traveller, 'but by my shoul, my dear, when you travel through the county of Galway you had better take care how you pop at a gentleman, without giving him a chance of returning your fire!'

"I shall accept your offer with pleasure, sir," said Henry, without paying any attention to his observation, "and hope I shall have reason to rejoice in the accident, as giving me the acquisition of a friend."

The Irishman shrugged up his shoulders, and returned to his chaise; while Henry, with the assistance of the stranger, dismounted from his horse, and had placed his foot upon the step of the chaise, when the rattling noise of carriages advancing quickly

quickly towards them attracted his attention. It was now so dark, that they were quite near before they could be distinctly seen.

‘Has any accident happened?’ cried a voice, which Henry knew to be Doctor Orwell’s.

“None that is of any consequence,” said Henry, approaching the carriage.

‘It is Doctor Sydney!’ cried Harriet.

“Doctor Sydney!” repeated her father; “I hope no disaster—”

‘A slight accident only,’ said Henry: ‘which I shall inform you of at leisure, if you will have the goodness to make room for me.’

“Yes, surely!” said they both at once.

“Maria is behind,” added the Doctor,

“your appearance will alarm her, so pray step in immediately.”

Henry assented; and taking a hasty leave of the stranger, placed himself by the side of Harriet, whose emotion was too apparent to escape the penetrating eyes of
love.

love. In a voice expressive of the tenderest solicitude, she enquired into the nature of the accident that had befallen him. Henry gave an evasive answer to her interrogatories, and turned the conversation; which, in spite of the pain he suffered, he continued to support with all that spirited animation the presence of a beloved object naturally inspires.

In the middle of a sprightly rally, he was stopped by a scream from Harriet. ‘ Ah! Sydney,’ cried she, ‘ you are wounded! you are desperately wounded. My cloak is covered with blood.’

Henry, finding it was in vain any longer to attempt deceiving her, gave a faithful account of all that had happened; and was amply repaid for the anguish of his wound, by the interest Harriet evidently took in his misfortune.

On stopping at the door of Henry’s lodgings, whither it had been agreed to drive, the stranger, whose rashness had occasioned

occasioned the unlucky accident, presented himself, and with him an eminent surgeon, with whom Sydney was well acquainted; and who was the very person he had thought of sending for on the occasion.

Such generous ardour to repair an injury he had unintentionally committed, excited the admiration of Sydney, who, in suitable terms, thanked him for his attention; and then proceeded with him and Doctor Orwell to his own apartment, to submit the wound to the examination of the surgeon.

Harriet's heart sunk within her, at the idea of the pain he must necessarily undergo; in vain did she endeavour to exert her fortitude. When the carriage stopped in Hanover-square, she was too much agitated to alight. The second chaise drove up, and Maria, Mr. Churchill, and Mrs. Botherim had descended from it and come up to her, before she had sufficiently re-
collected

collected her scattered spirits, to be able to form any excuse for her father's absence.

Alarmed at the appearance of her emotion, Maria earnestly entreated to know the cause; but without taking any notice of her questions, she hastily followed Mrs. Botherim into the house, where Mrs. Fielding received them with that happy mixture of cordiality and politeness which denotes the union of good-breeding and benevolence.

Henry's servant had communicated the news of his master's misfortune at Mrs. Fielding's a few minutes before the arrival of his friends, and had thereby excited a degree of alarm and anxiety, which was still visible in that good lady's countenance. The similar feelings of Harriet did not escape her notice; and by exciting a degree of interest and compassion, gave a stronger impression in her favour than all the graces of her person, or beauty of her countenance, could have produced.

The

The shock which Maria received from the intelligence was sufficiently severe, though mitigated by the confidence she reposed in the veracity of her friends; which she knew to be of too genuine a nature to admit of their imposing upon her by any of those *kind lies*, which are often so liberally dispensed upon similar occasions. Doctor Orwell's report was extremely favourable. The ball, he told them, had been extracted without difficulty, and the wound, in the opinion of the surgeon, so little serious, that it would only occasion a few days confinement.

Maria's anxious desire to visit her brother was indulged by Mrs. Fielding, who kindly ordered her own chair to attend her. Mr. Churchill, as he handed her into it, whispered a wish that it had been a more sociable conveyance; Maria did not frown, nor was she, possibly, much displeased at seeing him walk beside it to Henry's door.

While Maria and Churchill were on this charitable visit, poor Mrs. Botherim was employed in giving Mrs. Fielding a circumstantial detail of all she had suffered from Bridgetina's absence; interspersed with many bitter reflections on the wicked people, and still more wicked books, that had led her daughter astray. "Yes," cried she, "Ma'am, as I was telling you, I now know for certain it is all along of them there people as comes to Mr. Glib's, who I thought, all the time, (God help me) to be the most learned and the most wisest people in the world. It is true, I did not understand much of the meaning of what they said; for what should I know of perfibility, and cowfation, and all them there things? But had I known that they meant to make children unnatural, and undutiful to their parents, they should never have been uttered in my house, I promise ye."

'It is, indeed, to be regretted,' said Mrs. Fielding, 'that Miss Botherim should
have

have been so unfortunate in the choice of her books and friends. It could not be expected from Miss Botherim, that with her limited opportunities of information she should be able to detect the pernicious tendency of the opinions she so unhappily embraced.'

"Ah! Madam," returned Mrs. Botherim, "you have no sort of notion how learned she was. I do assure you, she has read as many books as e'er a parson in the kingdom. The histories of lords and counts, and colonels and ladies of quality, was what she pored on from morning till night. And then she got them there *Metam Physics* in whole volumes, as big as the church bible; all written, as she told me, by that *General Utility*, as she called him. I'm sure I shall hate the name of him as long as I live."

Mrs. Fielding could not help smiling at the simplicity of this account. 'I am afraid, my good Madam,' said she, 'that

the sort of reading you first alluded to, was a very bad preparative for the latter. To an imagination enflamed by an incessant perusal of the improbable fictions of romance, a flight into the regions of metaphysics must rather be a dangerous excursion. I am afraid Miss Botherim has gone too far astray in the fields of imagination to be easily brought back to the plain path of common sense.'

"I should hope," said Doctor Orwell, "that a little reflection would make her sensible of the fallacy of opinions, which have invariably proved fatal to all who have so far adopted, as to make them a principle of action."

'Yes, my dear Madam,' said Mrs. Botherim, 'do pray tell her of the consequences. Bid her think of poor Miss Delmond, who has been ruined, and deluded, and ticed away by a fellow, who, for all his fine talk, is no better than a shabby hair-dresser. And—'

Here

Here the entrance of Bridgetina, who had been sent for by Mrs. Fielding, put an end to the good lady's harangue. Her affection for her daughter so far outweighed her resentment, that the former only appeared in her reception. Throwing her arms round her neck, she exclaimed in broken accents, while tears flowed from her eyes, ' My Biddy! my dear Biddy! you will not leave your poor mother again? No, no, you cannot be so cruel. You shall do just whatever you please, and have the command of all I have in the world, if you will but stay with me to comfort my old age. I am sure,' added she, sobbing, ' I am sure I never contradicted you in my life—you cannot say that I did.'

" It would have been quite counter to the proper order of things, if you had," returned Bridgetina. " To a perfectible being every species of coercion is improper, and as contradiction is a species of coercion, it necessarily follows that—"

' There!'

‘ There!’ cried Mrs. Botherim, holding up her clasped hands in agony, ‘ there, now! she is at it again! Just the old story! all them there fine words over again, as pat as the day she first learned them. O, Biddy! Biddy! would ye but speak in a way that a body could understand!’

“ If I were to speak to your comprehension, mother,” returned Bridgetina, “ I must descend indeed! A mind that is illumined like mine——”

‘ Come, come, Miss Botherim,’ said Doctor Orwell, ‘ don’t think you will add to your dignity by lessening your parent. I, for my share, know no good of any illumination that does not shew itself in the conduct. And in that, my dear, your mother has the advantage of you; as she has never been guilty of any glaring impropriety.’

“ The person, sir, who would energise in no vulgar manner must prepare herself for encountering obloquy and censure,” retorted Bridgetina.

‘ And

‘ And pray, my dear, what entitles you to be superior to obloquy and censure? What right have you to think, that a line of conduct, condemned by the general suffrage of mankind, and which, if it were universally to prevail, would prove destructive to the peace and happiness of society, should escape reprehension?’

“ The prejudices which spring from the odious institutions of an ill-constituted society,” said Bridgetina, “ ought to be despised by every person capable of soaring to a sublime morality, founded on abstract reasoning.”

‘ And it is this sublime morality, founded on abstract reasoning, which teaches you to neglect, or to despise, the performance of every duty belonging to your situation?’ returned the Doctor. ‘ It is *it* which teaches you to forsake an indulgent parent, who has made your happiness the study of her whole life; and in return for the tender care she has bestowed on your
infancy

infancy and youth, to leave her old age to solitude and sorrow. It is this sublime morality, founded on abstract reasoning, which has likewise, I suppose, taught you to break through every law of delicacy and decorum, and shamelessly to offer yourself to prostitution? Such have been the fruits of this *sublime morality*, which arrogantly pretends to excell that of the Gospel!

“ I have somewhere heard reasoning termed *the arithmetick of words*,” said Mrs. Fielding. “ Where the sum total is so monstrous, I think we may confidently pronounce that there has been some error in the calculation. Of this, I have no doubt, Miss Botherim will become fully sensible, when she takes a wide and impartial view of the consequences.”

‘ Aye!’ cried Mrs. Botherim, ‘ let her take a view of Mr. Glib’s poor ragged children in the parish workhouse, whom their father has left to starve, because, forsooth, a man should have no regard for
his

his own flesh and blood! And let her see what is become of their mother—gone off, like a huffey, with a recruiting officer! Pretty consequences, truly! To say nothing of the death of that worthy gentleman, Captain Delmond, who died of a broken heart, if ever man did; and I am sure I do not wonder at his doing so, for what touches the heart of a parent equal to the undutifulness of a darling child? Woe is me that I should live to speak this from experience! But, indeed, Biddy, I shall never recover your unkindness.'

Notwithstanding the philosophy of Bridgetina, she could not help being affected by the tears of her mother. Mrs. Fielding, perceiving the impression that they made upon her, thought it best to leave them some time to themselves. She arose, and taking a hand of each, led them to the adjoining apartment, saying, "that after so long a separation they had probably

bably many things to communicate, that would be best discussed in a *tête-a-tête*."

The endeavours of Mrs. Fielding to reconcile our heroine to return to her mother were forcibly seconded by the mortifying circumstances of her situation. Without money, without friends, without any remaining hopes of success in the great object of her wishes, she began to think that she had rather been too precipitate in her anticipation of the practices of *The Age of Reason*; and that in the present deplorable state of things, a young woman might be excusable in remaining under the protection of her relations, though she escaped the glory of moral martyrdom by doing so.

A thousand times since she left W—— had she sensibly felt the want of those little tender attentions, which her fond mother had ever been so ready to bestow. She had been sick—and found no one interested in her recovery. Mrs. Benton
had,

had, indeed, attended her as much as her business would allow; but her attentions fell far short of the anxious solicitude of a parent, who, on the slightest indisposition, had been alarmed for her safety. Nor had she been able to eradicate from her breast the feelings of filial affection; feelings, which the unexpected meeting with her mother had powerfully revived. And as she had now little prospect of soon seeing any of those who were sufficiently enlightened, to condemn her for this returning weakness, she was easily prevailed upon to oblige the old lady, by consenting to accompany her back to W——.

Overjoyed at this instance of condescension, Mrs. Botherim willingly undertook to discharge all the debts contracted by her daughter; and having gratefully thanked Mrs. Fielding for her kind attention, departed with Bridgetina to Mrs. Benton's.

CHAP. VII.

“Beware of Jealousy!”

SHAKESPEARE.

MRS. Fielding's intention of sending to enquire for Henry on the following morning was anticipated by Doctor Orwell, whose report was so favourable as to infuse cheerfulness into the countenances of the circle, now assembled at breakfast.

In talking over the disaster of the preceding evening, Dr. Orwell mentioned the gentleman who had been the unfortunate occasion of it, by the name of Carradine.

“Has he ever been in India,” asked Mrs. Fielding, eagerly.

‘I believe he has,’ returned the Doctor.

“Then,”

“Then,” said Mrs. Fielding, “I make no doubt he is the son of one of my oldest and most intimate friends. Through the interest of Lady Brierston I procured this boy a cadet’s appointment on the Bengal establishment, about fourteen years ago; but of me, it is probable, he now retains not any remembrance.”

Mrs. Fielding was mistaken. While she yet spoke, Mr. Carradine was announced. He had, through Henry Sydney, heard of her living in London, and no sooner heard it, than with all that ardour which was the prominent feature of his character, he hastened to pay his respects to his acknowledged benefactress. Mrs. Fielding received this testimony of his gratitude with a satisfaction equal to the interest she took in the welfare of the son of her friend. She heard with pleasure of his success in India, which had far exceeded his most sanguine expectations; and was still more highly gratified by learning, that that suc-
cess

cess had enabled him to make a handsome provision for two orphan sisters. He had come over to pay a visit to the eldest of these, upon her marriage, and his leave of absence being now nearly expired, was on the eve of again taking his departure for the East.

In speaking of the misfortune occasioned by his rashness the preceding evening, he expressed himself with so much feeling on account of Henry, and such a generous condemnation of his own impetuosity, as not only reconciled Mrs. Fielding, but even divested Maria of all inclination to impute to him the least degree of blame. Harriet was, on this occasion, somewhat behind her friends in point of generosity. As the person by whom the life of Henry had been exposed to danger, she could not help viewing Mr. Carradine with a degree of dislike; nor was her dislike diminished by finding herself the object of his particular attention. That she was so, was evident
almost

almost from the very moment of his entrance; and the avidity with which he accepted Mrs. Fielding's invitation to dinner, might, perhaps, be as justly attributed to the power of attraction as to the impulse of gratitude.

This young man, whose quick and lively feelings had, by early indulgence, been fostered into uncontrollable impetuosity, was the willing slave of impulse; but though frequently led astray by his capricious guide, his errors were more than compensated by the virtues of his heart. Open, generous, and sincere, he was still more fervent in his friendships than in his enmities; and equally prompt to confer an obligation, as to resent an injury. The impression made upon his mind by the first appearance of Miss Orwell, was augmented into intoxication before the end of the evening; nor was this delirium of love in the least checked by the apparent coldness of her manners. Little accustomed to intercourse

tercourse with the sex, he was a stranger to that delicacy of sentiment which renders an union of minds essential to happiness; and having gathered from conversation in the course of the day, that Miss Orwell's fortune consisted chiefly in her charms and virtues, he retired elate with hope, and fully confident of success.

On the following morning he returned to escort the ladies to an exhibition of paintings, to which Mrs. Fielding had mentioned an intention of carrying her young friends on the preceding evening. Harriet would willingly have been excused, but she was such a novice in the modern school of female manners, that she did not consider herself at liberty to indulge every wayward humour, or to disconcert the pleasure of a party for the gratification of her own feelings. She therefore concealed her repugnance, and only begged Maria not to quit her side. Maria promised, and no doubt intended to comply with her
her

her request; but Mr. Churchill knew so well the paintings that were particularly suited to her taste, and took such pains to point them out, that in the fervour of her admiration of the pieces to which he directed her attention, she was insensibly drawn to another part of the room. Dr. Orwell and Mrs. Fielding were mean time engaged in conversation, so that Harriet found herself left to the care of Mr. Caradine; who, without considering the character to whom he addressed himself, employed the opportunity thus afforded him to pour out that profusion of exaggerated compliment, which he had been taught to consider as the most acceptable offering to the ear of beauty.

Tired by his assiduity, and provoked by his perseverance, she hastened to where Mrs. Fielding and her father had procured seats. Just as she approached them, Dr. Orwell resigned his to an elderly lady, whom he heard complain of fatigue. The

same complaint was heard by several young men of fashion, who lounged upon the same bench, but heard without producing on their part the smallest effort for her accommodation. The eyes of the same party were now turned on Harriet, who involuntarily shrunk from their familiar stare, and gladly entered into a conversation with Mrs. Fielding, in order to relieve her embarrassment.

The conversation naturally turned on the paintings, on which Harriet gave her opinion with all that ingenuousness and simplicity which belonged to her character. Accustomed to think for herself, she did not hesitate to speak from her feelings; and as she made no pretensions to connoisseurship, would not have been at all mortified at finding that she had been pleased with a piece that was not stamped with the approbation of a connoisseur.

“You seem fatigued, my dear,” said Mrs. Fielding; “I wish we could make
room

room for you," looking at the gentlemen, who still kept their seats.

'I beg the young lady may take mine;' said the elderly lady whom Doctor Orwell had accommodated. Harriet declined the offer, and the subject of the paintings was renewed.

"I confess," said Mrs. Fielding, "that I receive peculiar pleasure from such paintings as afford an exercise to the mind. I am not connoisseur enough to be long enraptured with all the charms of light and shade; and though I admire the beauty of that St. Cecilia, I dwell with much more satisfaction on its companion, which gives such a lively representation of the manners of a former age and distant country."

'Tasteless must they be, who can turn their eyes to painted canvasses, while animated beauty demands their admiration!' whispered Carradine.

"You are right," said Dr. Orwell to Mrs. Fielding; "and that view of the fa-

vages, which hangs opposite to us, has afforded me particular pleasure, from the train of ideas it has excited. No one can view it, and look around, without being convinced how nearly the extremes of barbarism and civilization are united. Do but mark the expression of stupidity and indolence in the countenance of that savage who sits at the door of the hut. Methinks he wants but a tooth-pick to make him quite a modern fine gentleman; he seems almost as much insensible to all the moral, natural, and social feelings and enjoyments, as any beau in the room. See with what listless indifference his companion views the females who are placed beside him. How vacant his stare! How rude and brutish does it speak his manners!"

While Dr. Orwell was speaking, Mrs. Fielding accidentally turned her eye from the picture upon the gentlemen who sat beside her. 'An't you tired of this horrid place?' said one.

"Tired!"

“Tired!” returned his companion; “I have been fatigued to death this half-hour.” So saying, they rose with one consent, perhaps determined never more to take their place at an exhibition beside a portrait of savages.

On their return home, Mrs. Fielding stopped the carriage at Henry’s door. While Doctor Orwell and Maria were stepping out to enquire for him, ‘Tell him,’ said Mrs. Fielding, ‘that we shall all pay him a visit together, the first evening he is well enough to receive us. Maria soon returned, with earnest intreaties from her brother that the kind promise might be fulfilled that very evening. The request was seconded by Dr. Orwell, on whose judgment Mrs. Fielding so much relied, that she was easily prevailed upon to acquiesce in the proposal.

In the evening they accordingly went, and were received by Henry with the most rapturous gratitude. To Mrs. Fielding he
was

was profuse in his acknowledgments, for her goodness and condescension. To Harriet his eyes only spoke, but they required not any interpreter. In answer to the interrogatories concerning his wound, he declared it to be a mere scratch, not worth mentioning; and only that it obliged him to keep on his night-gown, would not confine him to his room another day. While Mrs. Fielding was congratulating him on the fortunate issue of an event which had appeared so big with danger, and Harriet smiling delight at the certainty of his recovery, Mr. Carradine entered the room. He instantly seized the vacant chair by the side of Harriet, and to her so exclusively devoted his attentions, that he did not seem to have either eyes or ears for any other object. Unaccustomed to disguise his feelings, he sought not to conceal them; tho' the evident distress of Harriet might have convinced him, that whatever gratification he enjoyed from this open avowal of his partiality,

partiality, he enjoyed at her expence. In vain did she endeavour by monosyllable answers to weary out his patience, or by frequently addressing Mrs. Fielding or Maria, to turn his attention to the conversation of her friends. He could speak but to her alone, and made such frequent allusions to what passed either in the course of the morning, or during his visit to Mrs. Fielding on the preceding day, as must have impressed any listener with an idea of their being on terms of long-established intimacy.

Trifling was the pain of the wound his hand had given, in comparison of that which his conduct now inflicted on the heart of Henry. He now first felt the torturing pang of jealousy, nor did the behaviour of Harriet quiet his apprehensions. He knew her delicacy, he knew her prudence; and to prudence and delicacy did he solely attribute her seeming indifference to the too evident partiality of her new admirer. But would she continue indiffe-

rent

rent to a man, who, emboldened by prosperity, addressed her in the stile of confident success? Would she scorn the allurements of ambition, and refuse the offer of affluence from one whose personal accomplishments alone might make an impression on any female heart? “She will,” said Hope. ‘No, no;’ said trembling Apprehension, ‘you have no right to expect it.’ “Then she is lost to you for ever!” said Despondency.

The pale hue that succeeded the feverish flush on the cheek of Henry, was not unobserved by Mrs. Fielding. “Sydney,” said she, “I fear you have over-rated the progress of your recovery. Your wish to see your friends has led you to an exertion beyond your strength; but we must be no longer parties in your indiscretion.” She then ordered her carriage, and while Henry endeavoured to assure her that her fears were without foundation, she was, by the changes of his colour, and the faltering of
of

of his voice, fully persuaded of their reality.

When Doctor Orwell went to enquire for his young friend on the following morning, he met the surgeon coming out of his apartment, and from him (to his great disquietude) received intelligence of Henry's increased indisposition. A considerable degree of fever had already taken place, which in the course of the day became so alarming, that the surgeon on his next visit in the afternoon proposed calling in the assistance of an eminent physician. Next day he was still worse, and Maria, in anguish of heart, dispatched a messenger to her father with the melancholy tidings.

All the bright visions of expected happiness, with which Maria and her friend had indulged their imaginations while preparing for their jaunt to London, were now compleatly annihilated; and in their place melancholy reflections on the past, or gloomy forebodings of the future, took possession

possession of their minds. From the pressure of these Maria was somewhat relieved by active exertion; but Harriet had no such resource. She had not even the privilege of communicating the sufferings of her anxious heart. They did not, however, escape the penetrating eye of Mrs. Fielding, who, by the most soothing attention, endeavoured to alleviate as much as possible the pain she well knew how to estimate.

A still severer task awaited her—it was the reception of Mr. Sydney; who instantly on the receipt of his daughter's letter had set off for London, and arrived on the day that Henry was pronounced to be in the utmost danger.

Though a period of thirty years had elapsed since Mrs. Fielding had last seen Mr. Sydney, it is probable that time had not so compleatly obliterated the remembrance of their parting scene, that she could now, without emotion, have gone through
the

the ceremony of the first interview, had not every feeling been absorbed by the object of their mutual anxiety. The same cause would have been productive of the same effects at any period of their acquaintance; for in spite of the supreme dominion ascribed by poets and novelists to the God of Love, (who is represented as the prime mover of every human action, and the omnipotent governor of the breast of every person who has ever felt his power) he is, in fact, a mere sunshine visitor, who skulks away at the first appearance of calamity, and is driven from the heart at the approach of real evil.

Mrs. Fielding, who felt for Henry all the affection of a parent—feelingly participated in the parent's affliction. For some days after the arrival of Mr. Sydney, fearful suspense continued to rest on every brow, and to throb in every heart. Harriet, to whom the presence of Carradine had been so disagreeable, now watched
for

for his knock at the door with sickening impatience; he, indeed, spent the greatest part of his time in going betwixt Hanover-square and George-street; and by the lively interest he took in Henry's recovery, raised himself not a little in the opinion of his mistress.

Above a week was thus spent. At the end of that period a change took place, which his medical friends pronounced to be a favourable crisis. Harriet was sitting with Mrs. Fielding in her dressing-room, the door of which had been left open, to facilitate the communication of intelligence. Twice had she gone to it on tip-toe, on hearing two several knocks at the hall-door, but was each time disappointed by the appearance of visiting-tickets in the servant's hands.

While he was delivering the last of these to Mrs. Fielding, Carradine rushed in.—“He is out of danger!” cried he; “the physicians declare he is out of danger!

But

But Miss Orwell, why do you not speak? You are not sorry, sure, to hear that Sydney is out of danger? why do you not rejoice?"

'I—I do rejoice!' said Harriet, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Carradine, "I thought it would have made you happy to hear the poor fellow was out of danger; but had I known how differently it was to affect you, I would sooner have been shot from the mouth of a cannon than have told you a word of the matter."

'Good as well as bad news may be declared too abruptly,' said Mrs. Fielding. Then, in order to divert his attention from Harriet, she proceeded to ask a number of questions concerning the opinion of the physicians, and the symptoms on which that opinion was founded. Mr. Carradine was but ill qualified to give her information concerning these particulars; but the simple fact that Henry was pronounced out of danger, was a solace to her friendly heart.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

“ Reader, attend: Whether thy soul
 “ Soars Fancy’s flights beyond the pole,
 “ Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 “ In low pursuit;
 “ Know prudent, cautious, self-control,
 “ Is Wisdom’s root.”

BURNS.

THE recovery of Henry was not rapid, but it was unattended by any relapse. No sooner did returning health begin to re-brace the unstrung nerves, and re-invigorate the feeble frame, than the mind reverted to the objects of its former interest; and though (contrary to the usual practice of lovers in similar circumstances) he had not during his delirium once mentioned the name of Harriet, her image now reassumed its wonted place in his breast.

“ Maria,”

“ Maria,” said he one day to his sister, as she sat by his bedside, which he was yet too feeble to leave for more than half an hour at a time, “ you confine yourself too much to my apartment. Besides the risk of injuring your health, you must embitter the happiness of Miss Orwell by thus perpetually depriving her of your society. But, perhaps, she sees enough of company at Mrs. Fielding’s to solace her for the absence of her old friends?”

‘ No, indeed,’ returned Maria, ‘ Mrs. Fielding has received no visitors since you were taken ill; I do not believe that any stranger, except Mr. Carradine, has been within her door.’

“ And has Mr. Carradine been often there?”

‘ O yes, two or three times at least every day.’

“ He is, then, quite on a familiar footing in Hanover-square?” said Henry, in a tremulous voice.

‘ Entirely

‘ Entirely so,’ returned Maria. ‘ He goes in and out just like one of the family. Indeed, I believe the interest he took in your recovery, and the sensibility he evinced in the time you were thought to be in danger, has more endeared him to Mrs. Fielding than if he had been the son of twenty friends. That deep sigh tells me, that I must not yet indulge you in talking; but if you please I shall now read to you a little—’

“ I think I had rather sleep,” said Henry. Maria drew the curtain, and remained in silence.

The convalescence of Henry was no sooner ascertained, than Doctor Orwell began to think of returning home. And no sooner did Carradine hear of his intention, than he hastened to communicate to him such proposals concerning his daughter as he was well assured could not fail to meet his approbation. Having entered the Doctor’s dressing-room in a manner sufficiently abrupt to have created some alarm
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in a person of weak nerves, he thus opened the conference. ‘ Doctor Orwell, your daughter is a charming girl! By my soul, I do not believe there is such a lovely girl in England!’

“ You do my daughter great honour, sir,” said the Doctor, smiling at his odd manner of expressing a truth which he himself had, however, no difficulty in believing. “ Harriet is surely much obliged to you for the compliment.”

‘ Not at all,’ returned Carradine, ‘ not obliged to me at all. I would not love her if I could help it, but I cannot help it; and I do love her with all my heart. Ten thousand pounds is what I mean to settle on her. Tell me, if that will answer your expectations?’

“ Really, sir, I do not well understand you. Your proposal is made in a manner so abrupt, and was so truly unexpected, that you must forgive me if I cannot give it an immediate answer.”

‘ Nothing can be plainer than my proposal,’ rejoined Carradine. ‘ I love your daughter, and will marry her without a shilling, making her a settlement of ten thousand pounds, which shall be entirely at her own disposal.’

“ And is it with Harriet’s knowledge that you now apply to me on this business?”

‘ No. Miss Orwell, notwithstanding we have now been acquainted for almost a fortnight, has never yet given me an opportunity of talking to her on the subject.’

“ And do you really think, that on a fortnight’s acquaintance the character of any person can be sufficiently developed, to warrant entering with them into a connection that is indissoluble?”

‘ A fortnight! Why I have known many very happy marriages take place in Bengal upon an acquaintance of less than half the time. I remember the time, when every fresh cargo of imported beauties used to go off as fast as they were seen. Now,

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to be sure, the market is rather overstocked; and many a fine girl remains on hands for the length of a whole season. But as to making up one's mind upon the business, that can be done in half an hour as well as in half a century.'

"You astonish me!" cried Dr. Orwell. "I have indeed heard of young women's going out to India with a view, no doubt, to get established in marriage. But that whole cargoes should go out in that manner, as to a regular market, I really should not, but from good authority, have credited. Surely they can only be some poor, unfortunate, and friendless girls, who have neither parents nor protectors at home, that are driven to such desperate methods of obtaining a provision?"

'Pardon me,' replied Carradine, 'the greatest number who now come out are sent by their parents and protectors; and, in general, the speculation is not a bad one.'

“Is it possible,” cried Doctor Orwell, “that any parent should be so depraved, as to expose his child to a situation so humiliating! How lost to all that conscious dignity which enhances every female charm; how lost to every sentiment of delicacy must she become, who is thus led to make a barter of herself! My mind revolts at the idea!”

“Does the distance of the market, then, make such a mighty difference?” said Carradine. “Really, my dear sir, that is an objection merely imaginary. The voyage is a trifle; and as to the conscious dignity, and all that, I do assure you, that so far from its being lost by going to India, I have there seen many a girl who, at an English watering-place, would have been glad to flirt with an ensign, get so proud and saucy in the space of a few weeks, that she would not deign to speak to a subaltern! The reason is plain—in India the number of European ladies is still so small, in proportion

tion to the gentlemen, that they are *there* of some consequence. But here they are hawked about in such quantities at every place of publick resort, that if the poor things did not lay themselves out to court attention, they would have no chance of being taken notice of.'

"Better remain unnoticed for ever, than be so degraded!" said Doctor Orwell, with vehemence. "For my part," continued he, "though the increasing prevalence of luxury and false pride, and false notions of true dignity, tend to render poverty an evil of mighty magnitude to a helpless female, I had rather see my daughters reduced to the necessity of earning their bread, than behold them raised to the highest pinnacle of fortune by such methods as you have described."

'*Your daughter!* my dear sir. Oh, she is a being of a superior order. Tell me but that you consent she shall be mine, and by all that's sacred she shall be as happy a woman

woman—aye, and trust me, as much respected as the wife of any man in Europe.’

“ I must repeat it again,” replied the Doctor, “ that I am no friend to hasty connexions. We are frequently taught by experience, that where the general character is on both sides good, an unconformity of temper, or dissimilarity of taste, is sufficient to embitter the tenor of existence. And how on a short acquaintance can we form that knowledge of the disposition which prudence requires, in order to give a chance for happiness?”

‘ As to temper, I do assure you no one ever found fault with mine. Let Miss Orwell enquire of my friends, and they will tell her that I am the best-natured fellow in the world. A little hasty, or so, perhaps, but then it is over in a moment; and I vow to God I never shall be in a passion with her. How could I, with such an angel! Believe me, sir, we shall be one of the happiest couples in the world.’

Doctor

Doctor Orwell smiled. “ Well, but Mr. Carradine, if you had my consent, pray have you any reason to conclude that Harriet’s is certain?”

“ No, I really cannot say that I am sure of that. But when she knows how good a husband I shall make, and sees that you are very much inclined to the match, I do not despair of prevailing on her to make me happy. She is so sweet, and so compassionate, that I do not think she could have the cruelty to inflict misery upon any mortal. I never saw any creature possessed of a heart so tender! Why she could not even hear mention made of what poor Sydney suffered, without always changing colour; and I have more than once observed the silent tear steal softly down her cheek, even while a smile sat upon her countenance. And what is the anguish of a thousand fevers, in comparison of what I should feel in losing her?”

“ I hope,

“I hope, that if my daughter should be so cruel,” said Doctor Orwell, “there is little reason to apprehend any *danger* from the misfortune; and that in the smiles of some other beauty all your wounds will soon be healed.”

‘I shall never speak to another beauty in my life;’ replied Carradine, warmly. ‘I shall embark for India in the first ship; and do you think, that after having contemplated the unaffected loveliness of Miss Orwell, endeared by sweetness, and exalted by the utmost refinement of sentiment and gracefulness of manners, I shall have any taste for the insipid morsels of foil and froth that I am there likely to meet with? No, no; if I return to India without a wife, I shall go back to poor Mirza; tho’ besides the burthen of so many dingy brats, there is plaguy little comfort in a connexion that affords neither friendship nor society.’

Here the conversation was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Mrs. Botherim,
who,

who, with a heavy heart, came to complain to Doctor Orwell of the untoward disposition of her daughter. As many years had elapsed since the good lady had visited London, she had thought it proper to take the present opportunity of renewing her acquaintance with the few friends of her childhood who were still in existence; and had accepted an invitation to take up her residence, while she remained in town, at the house of a relation, for whose family she anxiously wished her daughter to cultivate an affection. It was of her behaviour to these friends that she now came to complain, which she did with great bitterness; and concluded with intreating Doctor Orwell to visit them, and point out to Bridgetina the impropriety of her behaviour towards people whose character she represented as extremely amiable, and whose conduct had in some respects been highly meritorious. The Doctor readily promised compliance with her request, and

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as soon as she departed, hastened to Harriet's apartment, to talk to her about the proposals of Carradine.

The subject did not bear much discussion. It was decided by Harriet in a moment. Her objections were pointed out with so much judgment, and supported with so much firmness, as left no room to expect a change of sentiment.

“ Well, my dear,” said the Doctor, “ I cannot say that I am sorry for your refusal of this young man; particularly, as I do not believe your refusal of him proceeds from any romantic notions of getting a more advantageous proposal hereafter. If I considered marriage as absolutely necessary to your happiness, I should regret your losing such an opportunity of establishing yourself; for with a fortune that will be no more than adequate to your support in a very retired situation, small will be your chance of any other offer. But your mind has, I trust, too much of the dignity of independence,

independence, to be absolutely at the mercy of extrinsic circumstances for happiness."

While Doctor Orwell was thus conversing with his daughter, her impatient lover who had left the room on Mrs. Botherim's entrance, in hopes of finding his adorable alone in the drawing-room, went immediately thither in search of her. No one was there but Mrs. Fielding; and Carradine, who had at that time little relish for her society, very speedily put an end to his visit.

His impatience to know how Harriet would receive his proposals, was quite insupportable. Still hope predominated; and with spirits highly exhilarated, notwithstanding their agitation, he suddenly darted into Henry's apartment, who was sitting pensive and alone over the dying embers of his fire, the decline of which had entirely escaped his observation.

"What! moping all alone?" cried Carradine, on entering. "Have you had no visit from your sister to-day?"

'No,

‘No, indeed,’ returned Henry; ‘she, I believe, is assisting Miss Orwell in making some preparations for this ball, to which they have been invited. You, I suppose, mean to accompany them?’

“Me! oh, without doubt. I would accompany Miss Orwell to the end of the world! Is she not a charming creature? Tell me now, Sydney, did you ever see a more lovely girl? Don’t you think a man might fancy himself in paradise with such an angel? Oh, if she be ever mine!”

‘Your’s!’ exclaimed Henry, in a voice which his parched tongue could scarcely render audible.

“Yes, mine!” gaily answered his happy rival. Perhaps to-day—perhaps in an hour—in less than an hour, I may hear from her sweet lips, that I am the happiest fellow in Christendom! Zounds, Sydney, you have no notion what a happy fellow I shall be!”

The elder Mr. Sydney then coming in excused Henry from making any reply.

Carradine

Carradine asked him, whether he had been at Mrs. Fielding's? To which the old gentleman returned for answer, that he had called there to speak with Doctor Orwell, but found him engaged in his daughter's apartment; and as he thought they might be consulting about some family business, he not interrupt their *tête à tête*.

"Fine old fellow!" cried Carradine. "I see he did not lose a moment. But the conference must be over by this time. I fly to know my fate. Good morning." Grasping Henry's hand, which he squeezed with great violence, "Dear Sydney, wish me success!" and then, without making any observation on the altered countenance of Sydney, or imagining him in the least interested in the subject, he precipitately left the room.

No sooner was Sydney alone with his father, than the latter, observing his unusual gravity, and anxious to amuse him in the best manner possible, began to enter
into

into a minute description of a cabinet of natural history, which he had that morning had the pleasure of examining. In vain did he give a detail of all the wonders it contained; in vain did he describe, with the most minute exactness, the discriminating marks that distinguished the peculiar genus of every butterfly and every beetle. The delight he had received, he did not find it in his power to communicate; and he saw with regret, that the mind of Henry had not sufficiently recovered its tone to enter with avidity into this favourite subject. So fully was the old gentleman occupied in his description, that it was a considerable time before he observed the distracted and absent air of his son.

At length, having for some moments fixed his eyes on Henry's face, "Henry," said he, in a voice full of paternal tenderness, "What is the matter with thee, my son? I plainly perceive that something has perturbed thy mind. But am I not worthy of thy confidence?" "You

‘ You are, you are, sir,’ replied Henry, ‘ most truly worthy of it; but my mind is at present in such a distracted state that I can scarcely make you comprehend my feelings—this fellow—this Carradine has undone me!’

“ Carradine! did you say Carradine? And do you then apprehend any further bad consequences from the wound? If so, let me go instantly for the surgeon. Not a moment shall be lost. I——”

‘ Stop, my dear father,’ cried Henry, ‘ Carradine has indeed inflicted a wound that is incurable; but it is beyond the surgeon’s reach. He has torn my heart, and deprived my life of every hope that was dear to it. Oh! look not on me with contempt, accuse me not of folly, when I tell you, that in Harriet Orwell I had treasured up the happiness of my existence!’

“ And has Miss Orwell deceived you? Has she scorned your poverty, and forsaken you for a wealthier lover? If so—she

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is unworthy of my son; she never deserved to share a heart like thine."

Though the feelings of Henry would have made his heart believe that Harriet did him injustice, reason told him she was blameless; and love and honour equally impelled him to exculpate her from the charge. He, therefore, with great eagerness proceeded to vindicate the conduct of Harriet, and to attribute to his own want of merit, and deficiency in address, the disappointment that now overwhelmed him. To his father he freely opened his whole heart, and found from his soothing and tender sympathy all the consolation of which he was at present susceptible.

From the mutual confidence established in the family of the Sydneys, it was rather surprising that a subject, which had so long engrossed his mind, should not sooner have been communicated. His naturally open and generous temper was formed for confidential intercourse with kindred minds.

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He was equally a stranger to the coldness of reserve, and the pride of concealment. Whenever he could give pleasure, or even afford amusement by what he communicated, he did it with a frankness at once so natural, and so engaging, that it endeared him to every heart. It was of selfish cares and selfish sorrows that he was alone a churl. These, which are by most young gentlemen deemed the only subject of family confidence, Henry often devoured in secret, or carefully concealed in the recesses of his own bosom. The knowledge of his attachment to Harriet would, he knew, create anxiety in the affectionate hearts of his father and sister, to whom his happiness was too dear to render the completion of his wishes an object of indifference. Now that anxiety was lost in despair, he did not sullenly refuse the consolations of sympathy, but happy in being now able to speak to his best friend without reserve on a sub-

ject that occupied his whole soul, he willingly conceded to his proposal of sending an apology to Mrs. Fielding's, that he might have his company for the rest of the evening.

CHAP. IX.

" Truth weeping tells the mournful tale,
 " How pamper'd Lux'ry, Flatt'ry by her side,
 " The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 " With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 " Looks o'er proud property extended wide,
 " And eyes the simple rustic mind;
 " Whose toil upholds the glittering show—
 " A creature of *another kind*.
 " Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
 " *Placed for her lordly use, thus far, thus vile below !*"

BURNS.

FEARFUL of meeting with Carradine,
 and anxious to avoid an interview
 that must have been mutually embarrassing,
 Harriet Orwell proposed accompanying
 her father on an immediate visit to Miss
 Botherim; and understanding that Mrs.
 Botherim intended calling at their late
 lodgings, she hastened thither in hopes of

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finding

finding her, while her father wrote a few lines to Carradine, intimating her determined rejection of his suit. Doctor Orwell then stepped into the carriage which waited for him, and taking up his daughter and Mrs. Botherim at Mrs. Benton's, proceeded with them to the city.

No sooner were they seated in the carriage, than the old lady renewed her lamentations concerning Bridgetina's conduct. "See," said she, presenting Mrs. Benton's bill to Doctor Orwell, "see what a sum I have just now paid for her. But this is nothing! Oh, just nothing at all, in comparison to the disgrace of pawning her watch! Oh, think of that, Doctor Orwell! Think of that! The very watch that had cost me so many tears to coax from my father on my marriage. Not that I should have cared a pin about it, but that the Miss Pickles never let alone telling me of the fine things our neighbour, Miss Dough, the biscuit-maker's daughter, had got upon
her

her wedding. And my poor dear father, who did not like to see me fret, resolved that I should be as fine as the best of 'em! Little did he think that it was ever to come to a pawnbroker's shop!—”

Here the poor lady gave way to a burst of sorrow and indignation, which her companions did all in their power to pacify. After it had somewhat subsided, she thus proceeded: “Nothing could be kinder than our reception from our poor cousin Biggs's; for though they have had a hard struggle with the world, and gone down in fortune, their hearts are as warm and as good as ever. I hoped that Biddy would have taken to them, and that she would ha' been the better of seeing what some folks have to do to get through life; but, alas! they are not book-learned enough for her. And she looks so down upon them that you can't think. But how (says I) should they have found time for study? Cousin Peggy, who is the eldest, was but
eighteen

eighteen years of age when her father died. In half a year after his death their house was burnt to the ground, and in making their escape from a two-pair of 'stair window, their mother's back was broke, so that she has been bed-ridden ever since; and their brother, then a fine promising lad of fourteen, received a hurt upon his head which reduced him to the condition you now see. The poor lad is quite an idiot, and the most melancholiest object in the world. Think, Biddy, (says I) think what a charge this was to the poor girls! And do but see how they have fulfilled it. Finding what they had left of the wreck of their father's fortune insufficient for their maintenance, they set up a tea-shop; and as they were well beloved by all the neighbourhood, and every one pitied their misfortunes, they succeeded wonderfully. But what betwixt their attendance on their mother, and on their business, their time to be sure has been too fully occupied to
have

have any leisure for your abstract reasoning, as you call it. They cannot talk about *duties*, I must own, as fine as you do ; for how should they, when their whole lives have been employed in performing them?

“ Alas, sir, I might as well talk to the stone wall. Biddy just minded me no more than nothing; and when I would make any remark on the kindness with which they treated their poor brother, whom they even seem to love the better for the misfortune that deprived him of the notice of every one besides, or on their attention to their poor miserable parent, who has been so many years a burthen to them, she stops my mouth by asking what all this has to do with *General Utility*? Poor thing! I am sure it was a bad day for her that ever she heard his name; so it was!—”

The carriage now drew up at Mrs. Biggs's door; and while Doctor and Miss Orwell waited in the shop, through which lay the only entrance to the apartments,

Mrs.

Mrs. Botherim went up to prepare Bridgetina for their reception. The mind of Harriet had been so early and so deeply imbued with a respect for virtue, that she could not divest herself of a degree of reverence in approaching Miss Biggs, such as no external circumstance of rank or splendour could have excited. She willingly accepted of a seat by her, and entered into conversation with a cheerfulness and unaffected humility, very different from that species of condescension which certain people so kindly assume, when addressing themselves to those whose situation is in any respect inferior to their own. Their conversation was soon interrupted by the entrance of some ladies, who issued from a splendid carriage. Harriet retired to make way for them, while Miss Biggs stood to receive their orders. To her, however, they were in no haste to speak, but continued their conversation to each other, without deigning to observe her.

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At length, one of the ladies, seeming to recollect herself, exclaimed, "La! what a shocking place! I vow I cannot breathe in it a moment longer. I beg, young woman, you would make haste."

Miss Biggs modestly requested to know with what article she would be served?

"Did not I tell you it was Indian toys?" returned the lady; then addressing herself to one of her companions, "I declare, these people in the city are so stupid, it is quite a bore!"

The counter was by this time covered with various articles of japan, mother-of-pearl, &c. which the ladies examined and cheapened, making such remarks on the replies given to their questions, as plainly charged the dealer with want of truth and common honesty. At length, after they had sufficiently amused themselves with looking over the things, and were about to depart, the lady first-mentioned happened to lift her veil, and discovered to

Doctor

Doctor Orwell the face of Mrs. General Villers. She either did not see; or pretended not to see, the Doctor; and he on his part, was by the scene that had just occurred, inspired with such a sovereign contempt for the actors, that he felt no wish to recognize any of them as an acquaintance. When they were gone, he asked Miss Biggs if they had really made no purchase.

“No, sir,” returned Miss Biggs, “nor had they the least intention to make any. It is what we often meet with.”

“But I hope,” rejoined Doctor Orwell, “you do not often meet with such unprovoked rudeness, such unfeeling insolence?”

“Oh, yes, sir;” said Miss Biggs, smiling, “people of fashion reserve all their good-breeding for their equals; they never consider their inferiors as entitled to the smallest share.”

“Then,” said Doctor Orwell, “people of fashion know not what true good-breeding is. A consideration for the feelings
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of those with whom we converse, and a quick perception of what those feelings are, is true politeness; and those who have it not, whatever be their rank, are *vulgar*.'

"I am afraid, sir," said Miss Biggs, "that your definition of politeness is not taught at any modern school. At least, if I am to judge from what has fallen under my own observation, I should imagine that a consideration for the feelings of inferiors in any situation is thought not only unnecessary, but absurd."

'I am sorry to hear you say so,' said Harriet, 'as you have such an opportunity for making observations upon character, that I cannot doubt the justice of your remarks.'

"Yes, Madam," replied Miss Biggs, "we have indeed an opportunity of observing an infinite variety in the tempers and dispositions of those who to their equals appear uniformly amiable. In the common intercourse of civilities little
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of the real character appears; but if one would know the world, it is necessary to be dependent."

'Ah!' returned Harriet, 'would the gay and the giddy but bear in their recollection, how often they may be looking down upon their superiors in all that is truly estimable, in all that will one day appear so even to themselves, it would check the insolence of pride, and lower the arrogance of presumption.'

Mrs. Botherim, who had been all this time assisting Bridgetina to dress, now came to lead Doctor and Miss Orwell to the dining-room. Bridgetina received them coldly, and before they had time to enter into any conversation with her, the poor lad, of whose unhappy situation Mrs. Botherim had informed them, ran into the room. Harriet was shocked at his appearance, but would not suffer disgust to enter her bosom at the sight of misfortune incident to humanity. He quickly approached her,

her, and seized the large sun-fan which she held in her hand. Instantly conquering the involuntary flutter which his sudden motion had occasioned, she spoke to him with great gentleness, offering to teach him how to open and shut it. He seemed sensible of her indulgence, and after playing with it for some time, restored it with an appearance of great satisfaction. His youngest sister then came in, and made many apologies for his intrusion. She desired him (not in the tone of authority, but with the voice of affection) to go with her to their mother's apartment, who was then getting her dinner; and at length, by the promise of some sweetmeats which she shewed him, prevailed on him to leave the room.

“How amiable,” said Harriet, “how respectable is the conduct of these young women! I shall ever esteem myself obliged to Mrs. Botherim for introducing me to their acquaintance.”

‘ And

‘And pray,’ cried Bridgetina, ‘what is the worth about which you make such a mighty rout? Is not knowledge essential to virtue? And what knowledge have they to boast of?’

“That knowledge,” said Dr. Orwell, “without which all other knowledge is an empty boast—*the knowledge of their duty*. The knowledge which leads not to this one point, is, to the individual who possesses it, futile and nugatory.”

‘And pray,’ retorted Bridgetina, ‘how is society benefited by the sort of knowledge you talk of? What is the knowledge good for, that only benefits the individual?’

“Surely,” replied Dr. Orwell, “you cannot ask that question seriously! The mere knowledge of our duty is, I grant you, of little consequence, if it does not lead to the practice of it; but when, as in the present instance, it eminently does so, who can say how far the benefit may extend?”

tend? The active virtue of these young women, their filial piety, their sisterly affection, their kind and humane attention to their unfortunate brother, and the many self-denials they must have undergone in the performance of these duties, added to the conspicuous exertions they have made to enable them to perform them, is such an example of virtue as is not to be contemplated without bettering the heart. Believe me, Miss Botherim, one such example speaks more home to the feelings, and is of greater consequence to society, than volumes of philosophy."

"I trust," said Harriet, "the impression it has made on my heart shall never be obliterated."

"Nor do I make any doubt," continued Dr. Orwell, "that many have viewed it with feelings of a similar nature. Who knows how often the example of these young women may have silenced the murmurs of discontent? how often it may have

have produced reflection in the careless, and excited gratitude in the unthinking? We commit a great mistake, when we confine the influence of example to the higher ranks of society. It is an influence of which people in every rank and in every situation are in some degree possessed. Happy they who make such a use of it as the family of whom we are now speaking."

'You, sir,' said Bridgetina, 'have so many prejudices, that it is impossible to argue with you. It may, to be sure, be very well for old Mrs. Biggs and her son, that her daughters were not philosophers; but you will never make me believe, that if they had been taught "to energize according to the flower and summit of their nature," they would not have done more for general utility.'

'And who is this General Utility?' cried Mrs. Botherim, 'whose name is for ever in Biddy's mouth? She is always in a pet when I ask her, as if I should know
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all about him as well as she; but I am sure she may well know I never feed a General but General Villers, in all my life."

'General Utility, my dear madam,' said Dr. Orwell, smiling, 'is an ideal personage, a sort of Will o' the wisp, whom some people go a great way out of the road to find, but still see him shining in some distant and unbeaten track; while, if they would keep at home, and look for him in the plain path of christian duty, they would never miss their aim.'

The entrance of Lady Aldgate and her daughter put an end to the conversation, and gave to Doctor and Miss Orwell an opportunity, of which they willingly availed themselves, of taking leave.

CHAP. X.

“ Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
 “ That Hymen’s bands by prudence should be tied;
 “ Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
 “ If angry fortune on their union frown.”

LYTTLETON.

GREATLY had the sanguine spirit of Carradine been mortified, by the unfavourable report that had been made to him of the sentiments of his mistress. That report had, however, been given by her father in terms so obliging, as though it greatly damped, did not entirely extinguish every hope. Perhaps her heart might be melted by a love-letter. He had heard of such things, and resolved to try the experiment. Writing, it is true, was not poor Carradine’s fort; but tasks more difficult would

would at this time have appeared trifling to his ardent mind. After spending the whole of the evening and great part of the night in writing and re-writing the important scroll, he at length produced an epistle, which, if not a first-rate piece of oratory, contained at least as much good-sense as any love-letter we have ever had the pleasure of perusing.

It was received by Harriet at such an early hour, as gave her sufficient time to answer it before breakfast. By being delivered in presence of her friend, it laid her under the necessity of breaking the silence she had hitherto observed to Maria on the subject of Carradine's addresses. Superior to that mean vanity which leads little minds to exult in exposing to the view of others the mortification of a rejected lover, she considered every principle of delicacy and honour as engaged in keeping his secret. To have made the affections of any human being the object of her ridicule, she would

have deemed in the last degree cruel and unjustifiable. The behaviour of many of her companions had, in this particular, appeared odious in her eyes; and so far was she from following their example, that till the introduction of Carradine's letter, (when any longer concealment would have worn the appearance of mystery) she had not even given her bosom-friend a hint upon the subject.

In her answer to Carradine, she united firmness to delicacy, and candour to politeness. She did not consider the circumstance of her being singled out from among her sex, as the person with whom he would wish to spend his days, as giving her any right to treat him with scorn or indignity; but at the same time had too much regard for her own honour and his repose, to give him a hope which she did not mean to realize.

Poor Carradine had no sooner dispatched his letter, than he repented him of his rashness.

rashness. It then occurred to him, that through the medium of Mrs. Fielding he might more effectually have pleaded his cause; and the instant the idea was started he resolved to pursue it, hoping that the interest of Mrs. Fielding might still be so far exerted in his favour, as to prevent Miss Orwell from extinguishing his hopes by a positive refusal. He flew to Hanover-square on the instant, or rather would have flown if wings could have been procured, but for these a hackney-coach is, alas! a sorry substitute. In vain did he swear at the coachman, in vain did he anathematize the horses; neither coachman nor horses could be prevailed on to keep pace with his impatient spirit. At length arrived, he sprung to the door, and told the servant who opened it, that he must see Mrs. Fielding on a business of importance immediately.

“ My mistress is not yet up,” replied the footman; “ but if you will step into
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the breakfast-parlour, I dare say she will be down in less than an hour."

'An hour!' 'sdeath, an age! For heaven's sake, at least desire her maid to inform her that I am here, and greatly wish to see her.'

The man obeyed, and in less than half an hour Mrs. Fielding was with him. He abruptly informed her of the purport of his visit, and vehemently besought her interest in his favour; intreating her to go immediately to Miss Orwell, to urge her to grant him the favour of an interview.

While he yet spoke, he heard the voice of Harriet on the stairs, and involuntarily opening the door, he saw the answer to his letter in the hands of the servant, to whom Miss Orwell had just delivered it. He impatiently snatched it from him, and casting his eye over the contents, gave way to an agony of despair.

Mrs. Fielding, having perused the letter, told him, that after such a candid declaration

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tion of her sentiments, it would be offering an insult to the delicacy of Miss Orwell to persevere in his suit. The woman (she observed) who after such a positive rejection could be flattered into a change of mind, must be the imbecile child of vanity. Such, she was certain, was not Harriet Orwell. She therefore advised him to bear with manly firmness an evil that could not be remedied, and to endeavour by absence to wear off the impression.

Carradine listened to her for a short time in silence, and then coldly thanking her for her advice, abruptly took his leave. There was a certain fermenting principle in his mind, which, laying hold of whatever happened to be the present object of interest, worked it up to such a state of effervescence, as rendered it absolutely necessary for him to have a confidant to receive the overflowings of his heart.

Finding solitude intolerable, he bent his way to Henry Sydney, in order to
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vent to him those feelings of chagrin and disappointment which he no longer had patience to confine to his own breast. Henry was alone, and not (as many of our fair readers doubtless will expect) confined to his bed by a relapse of fever, or raving in a beautiful delirium of despair; but pensively sitting by the fire-side with a book in his hand. We are sensible that a dangerous fit of illness would in his circumstances have been vastly more becoming, and much more natural, in the hero of a novel. We do not presume to say, that youth and a good constitution ought to be admitted as any apology for his persevering in convalescence at such a time, but simply own the fact. That he may not, however, entirely lose the interest we hope he has obtained in the hearts of our fair readers, we must not omit adding that he looked as melancholy as possible. Soon, however, was his melancholy dissipated by Carradine; who, after a few incoherent sentences,

sentences, and as many exclamations, of which Henry could not guess the meaning, put into his hands the letter of Harriet, which had been to him as the sentence of never-ending misery.

Henry perused it with an emotion even superior to his own. "Charming, charming Harriet!" cried he, after having with his eye devoured the contents; "How disinterested! how noble! how generous!"

'Generous!' cried Carradine; 'one would think you were glad she had refused me!'

"Forgive me, Carradine!" said Henry, offering him his hand; "but you are yourself so generous and so open, that I should hate myself if I deceived you. I love Harriet Orwell. I have long loved her. Even from infancy our hearts have been united in the bonds of the tenderest friendship. Want of fortune has alone prevented me from urging her to unite her fate with mine. Judge, then, if I can say I am sorry
at

at a circumstance which revives my hopes, and raises me from the very brink of despair.”

Carradine started back, and regarded him for a moment with a look of frenzy. Then hastily turning from him, he strided four or five times up and down the room, and at length retiring to the further window, stood for some minutes silent. Henry reproached himself for having inflicted an additional wound in the breast of his rival. He was afraid to speak, lest whatever he should say might wear the appearance of triumphing in his disappointment. The silence was at length broken by Carradine, who coming up to Henry, and taking the hand he had before rejected, ‘Sydney,’ said he, ‘you are a happy fellow! but don’t think me the wretch to repine at your felicity. No. If I had known you had a prior claim to her affections, curse me if I would have interfered with it. I would perish sooner than do any thing so base!’

Henry

Henry spoke the effusions of his heart, in giving him the praise his generosity so truly merited; and assured him, that though her refusal of an offer so advantageous, from a character so unexceptionable, gave him some cause for hope, he was far from being certain of success. So well in the conversation that ensued did Henry manage the ardent temper of Carradine, that he left him in a great measure reconciled to a disappointment, which, but an hour before, he had considered in the light of an event that was to tinge the colour of his future days with misery.

The recovery of Henry was now so rapid, that on the very following day he surprised his friends by an unexpected visit. Though dinner had been some time over, the ladies had not yet retired to the drawing-room, when Henry made his appearance. Mrs. Fielding received him with joy, and welcomed his return with an embrace that spoke the feelings of maternal affection.

“ Thank

“ Thank Heaven! that my brother, my dear brother is again restored to us!” exclaimed Maria, affectionately retaining one hand, while Dr. Orwell and Mr. Churchill alternately took the other. Harriet alone did not advance to meet him in the general joy; her voice only was unheard, but the congratulations which her faltering tongue could not pronounce, beamed from her eyes in a look of ineffable delight, while pleasure and surprise suffused her glowing cheek with crimson. When he came up to where she stood, she held out her hand with a complacency which seemed to assure Henry that his presence did not displease her; and though the few words she stammered out were perfectly unintelligible to every one besides, it would appear that he sufficiently understood their meaning.

The remainder of the evening was exclusively devoted to friendship; Mrs. Fielding giving orders that no visitor should be admitted to intrude upon the social circle.

And

And though neither cards nor scandal were introduced, we do not find that time appeared particularly tedious to any of the party.

While Henry was again enjoying a happiness, rendered doubly dear to him from the sufferings he had lately endured, his father, full of anxious solicitude for his felicity, was making every effort to render it compleat. He took the earliest opportunity of informing Doctor Orwell of his son's attachment to his daughter, and found the Doctor more pleased than surpris'd at the information. He had in truth long ago observed the growing passion, and as it was the happiness, not the affluence, of his child, that was the object of his wishes, nothing was more desirable in his eyes than to behold her united to a man of Henry's sense and virtue.

Since the time that these old gentlemen had entered into the married state, they had lived so secluded from the world, that the
rapid

rapid progress of luxury had almost escaped their observation. In an humble mediocrity of fortune, they had themselves found happiness; and it did not readily enter into their imaginations to conceive, why beginning the world with a splendid establishment was more necessary to their children than it had been to themselves. To the mind of Mr. Sydney a monopoly of wealth and power appeared an evil of mighty magnitude; and far from wishing his children to become accessaries, in continuing a system to which, in his opinion, might be fairly attributed the greater part of the miseries that have scourged the human race, he had laboured to impress their minds with a sense of its turpitude and injustice. Political science had long been his favourite study; and though a perfect equality of conditions he considered to be impracticable and absurd, the advantages that would result to society from such a dissemination of the wealth of a country as should render

der the extremes of wealth and poverty unknown, appeared to him so obvious, that he wondered how it could escape the observation of an enlightened mind. He had himself written a tract upon the subject, which he addressed to the great landed proprietors of Great-Britain; clearly demonstrating it to be their bounden duty, by making an equal division of their property among their children, to begin that gradual and rational reform, which would ultimately be productive of an increase of publick happiness and virtue.

Doctor Orwell, though less inclined to abstract speculation than his friend, perfectly coincided with him in principle. With respect to the happiness of their children their sentiments were in unison; and to promote their union they readily agreed to give up, on both sides, such a part of their present income as they deemed sufficient to establish the young people in some degree of comfort.

The

The result of their consultations was immediately communicated to Henry by his father, who informed him, that he was now at full liberty to disclose his sentiments to Harriet, since the consent of her father had given a sanction to his wishes.

With some confusion Henry was obliged to confess, that he had anticipated the permission so graciously bestowed. Harriet was already mistress of every secret of his heart. Attracted by the sound of the harpsichord to Mrs. Fielding's music-room, he had there found Harriet alone; the opportunity was irresistible. The apprehension of her father's displeasure, the threatened loss of Mrs. Fielding's friendship, the imprudence of marrying without a fortune, all were at that moment forgotten; and the dread of suffering from the horrid idea of another and perhaps more fortunate rival, appeared to him a consideration paramount to every other. His father listened to his apology with a smile, that told him

him he had no great difficulty in pronouncing his pardon. He moreover promised to speak to Mrs. Fielding on the subject, and hoped to be able to avert her displeasure at such a very direct breach of her injunctions.

Mr. Sydney was as good as his word; he told her of the plan agreed to by Dr. Orwell and himself for the union of their families, and begged to have her opinion concerning it.

“ I must speak to Miss Orwell on the subject before I can reply to your question,” said Mrs. Fielding; and stepping to the next room, where she knew Harriet was then employed in writing to her sister, “ I come, my dear,” said she, “ to speak to you on matters of such importance to your happiness, that I shall not apologize for interrupting you.” Harriet, anticipating the subject on which she intended to interrogate her, bowed in some confusion. Mrs. Fielding proceeded—“ I am afraid

you will set me down for an intermeddling old woman; but I do assure you, it is not from the desire of gratifying an old maidish curiosity that I am prompted to ask you some questions, which I hope you will have the good-nature to forgive, and the ingenuoufness to answer."

Harriet again bowed assent.

"The reasons you gave me for refusing the addresses of Mr. Carradine were all calculated to do you honour. They were such as I could not but approve; but tell me, my dear, was there no other little lurking motive?—Ah! that blush is a sufficient reply, and I shall require no other. Had Henry Sydney a fortune equal to Carradine's, I should not be surpris'd at your preferring him; but my dear Miss Orwell, do you consider what you are about to do? Have you duly weigh'd the consequences?"

"I hope I have, Madam; but if you see any objections—if you—pray go on, I shall

shall be much obliged to you for your opinion and advice.'

Mrs. Fielding resumed:—" Though we are all the poor dependents on futurity, and though it be our sanguine hope of future felicity that makes up the greater part of our present enjoyment, yet do we almost always err by making the estimate of that felicity from present feeling. While inspired by youthful passion, we think that love alone will constitute the happiness of our future days; the evils of poverty are then despised, and when viewed at a distance are perhaps converted by fancy into a charming addition to romantic tenderness. If imagination have thus deceived you, let me beg of you, before it is too late, to dismiss the vain illusion, and take a real view of the cares and vexations that may await you."

' I am fully sensible of the truth of all you have said,' returned Harriet, ' as well as of your goodness in reminding me of

it. The subject is not new to my reflections; if I had been brought up in the lap of luxury and sloth, or accustomed to place my happiness in the gratification of vanity, I am aware of the misery that would await a change of circumstances. But all my habits have been those of active industry, and all my hopes of happiness been taught to rest in the bosom of domestic peace. For myself I have therefore nothing to fear; but for Henry—'

"You are a charming girl!" cried Mrs. Fielding, tenderly embracing her, "and truly deserving of the happiness that I hope awaits you. But here comes Henry, and I must now talk a little with him; so pray step into the next room for a few minutes. Well, sir," continued Mrs. Fielding, addressing herself to Henry as Harriet retired, "I see the friendship of an old woman is not so valuable in your eyes as the affections of a young one. Nay, nay, don't offer any apology, you must hear me out.

I told

I told you, I never should consent to your marrying without a fortune adequate to your support; and I shall keep my word. Here," continued she, taking a bundle of papers from her pocket, and presenting them to Henry, "on perusing these you will perceive, that I then addressed myself to a man who was his own master. Forgive me for having prolonged the term of your probation, but I too well knew the danger of habits of luxury and dissipation, not to wish to save the child I had adopted from their dominion. It was on this account I directed you to the choice of a profession which, while it afforded an immediate object to your mind, and prevented the rust of idleness from corroding your faculties, put it in your power to be useful to your fellow-creatures. The man without employment is a cypher in society; dependent upon others for an adventitious value, he is in himself contemptible. May you, my son, (for as such I shall ever consider

sider you) to employ your fortune and your talents, as to make them instrumental to your eternal happiness. And in the dear girl you have chosen for a wife, may you receive as great a reward as this world can bestow. So God bless you!"

Henry seized the hand that she held out to him, and involuntarily dropping on his knees, pressed it to his lips. His emotion was too great for utterance; and Mrs. Fielding, wishing to escape the effusions of his gratitude, immediately left the room.

It was some time before Henry could sufficiently compose himself to proceed to the examination of the papers she had left with him; when he did, he found a deed of gift for ten thousand pounds, made on the day he had attained his fifth year. The sum had been at that period lodged in the hands of trustees, who received the interest, which they laid out in the funds, and regularly accounted for the stock thus accumulated.

mulated. The principal was now, even after deducting the two hundred a year allowed for his education, nearly doubled; so that he saw himself in possession of one thousand pounds a year, independent of his profession.

Harriet, who had in the adjoining apartment watched the departure of Mrs. Fielding, and expected Henry would instantly join her, was not a little disappointed at his delay. She began to persuade herself that the arguments urged by prudence had prevailed upon his mind, and that he, perhaps, at that moment was struck with repentance for the rashness of his declaration. A small spark of latent pride began to operate upon her mind. She would no longer be the cause of his uneasiness; she would free him from the fetters of an engagement, of which it was plain he already began to feel the weight. Impressed with this idea, she gently opened the door

that

that separated the two apartments, the first view she took of Henry confirmed her suspicions; but the first sentence he uttered banished them from her heart for ever!

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

" Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
 " Who the same end pursued by different ways?
 " One pity'd, one condemn'd, the woeful times;
 " One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes."

DRYDEN'S TRANS. OF JUV. SAT. X. 28.

AS lovers are of all people in the world
 those whose company we have found
 most insupportably insipid, we shall not tire
 our readers by confining them to it for too
 great a length of time, but briefly inform
 them, that Mr. Churchill having found in
 the charms of Maria a consolation for his
 late disappointment, obtained her father's
 consent to lead her to the altar at the same
 time that Henry and his bride were to ex-
 change

change their vows. While the preparations were going on for the double nuptials, Doctor Orwell found it necessary to return to W——, but proposed coming up with his youngest daughter before the ceremony took place. Mr. Sydney, having procured a young clergyman to officiate in his absence, readily consented to remain in London till he could be accompanied to the country by his children. While fixing on houses for their future residence, giving directions about repairs, purchasing furniture, plate, &c. &c. occupied the mornings of the young people, Mr. Sydney employed his at the Museums of Natural History, which particularly attracted his attention. In these he found a never-failing source of amusement, and was only mortified on perceiving the little interest the young people seemed to take in his elaborate descriptions. Even Maria, who in the country had listened to the subject with so much complacency, had apparently

rently lost much of her relish for plants and butterflies, since her residence in London. Hoping, however, that her taste was not as yet quite lost, he one day brought her home a small chrysalis of uncommon beauty, with which a friend had presented him; while she complacently expressed her admiration Churchill entered the room, and perceiving how she was engaged, peeped over her shoulder at the object of her contemplation.

“Is it not very beautiful?” said she, looking up to him with an enchanting smile.

‘It is, indeed,’ replied he, dashing with his finger and thumb the little chrysalis into the fire, but still keeping his eyes fixed upon the paper.

“Bless me!” exclaimed Maria, “what have you done? Where is the chrysalis? Why did you throw it away?”

‘Indeed, sir,’ said Mr. Sydney, gravely, ‘I shall take care how I permit such a treasure to come into your way again.’

“What

“ What have I done?” cried Churchill, in amazement; “ of what treasure do you speak? I have not surely injured the poem Maria was looking at, which, if not a first-rate performance, is certainly not destitute of merit, if there be merit in truth.”

Maria, though vexed at the mortification it occasioned her father, could scarcely forbear laughing at her lover’s mistake. The chrysalis was happily not irrecoverably lost. After having carefully picked it from the ashes, and restored it to him who best knew its value, she examined the lines that had attracted the attention of Mr. Churchill, and at his request read them aloud.

TO SELFISHNESS.

NO, Selfishness, thou art not Nature's child!
 Of proud and pamper'd Lux'ry thou wer't born!
 Not in the rural vale, or desert wild,
 But 'mid those polish'd scenes where Plenty pours her
 horn.

Behold that youth, in whose soul-beaming eye
 Sits Sympathy, and each affection kind;
 His bosom swells with Pity's tender sigh,
 And at another's bliss warm glows his gen'rous mind.

No cold distrust hath ever chill'd his heart,
 No blank reserve his truth-taught lips hath seal'd;
 Ardent he seeks his feelings to impart,
 And to the friend he loves his inmost soul's reveal'd.

Is there who cheer'd him in the hour of woe,
 Who from his eyes has wip'd Affliction's tear?
 Pure Gratitude's full stream doth ceaseless flow,
 Enhancing, as it runs, each obligation dear.

Doth rude Necessity's imperious law
 In toilsome business half his hours employ?
 From sleep, from pastime, still he time can draw,
 To aid the precious fund of dear domestic joy.

His

His soul a sister's fond affection charms,
He joys to meet maternal love's mild beam;
The bliss of blessing all his bosom warms,
And dear doth his pure heart the social circle deem.

Such is the youth in Nature's bosom bred,
While yet a stranger to the polish'd world;
Behold him now in Fashion's gay walks tread,
And in the vortex vile of Dissipation whirl'd.

As Knareborough's rills* arrest the silken zone,
And drop by drop insidious works its change,
Till the gay flutt'rer, stiff'ning into stone,
In form alone escapes the transformation strange:

So love of Pleasure by degrees devours
Each nobler, finer feeling of the heart;
So Pride and Vanity's transforming pow'rs
Doth callous Selfishness e'en to its core impart.

See him, who erst with Sympathy's warm zeal
Explor'd the rhet'rick of the asking eye;
Who with the poor would share his scanty meal,
And at soft Pity's call could his own wants deny;

Now press'd by wants that Nature never knew,
(Fantastic wants! imperious as vain)
He for himself finds Fortune's gifts too few,
Nor at soft Pity's call will one wild wish restrain.

* Alluding to the petrefaction of ribbons so quickly effected by the Dropping-Well of Knareborough.

He, whose warm heart with sympathetic glow
 Shar'd all the bosom-feelings of a friend,
 Now in gay crouds, or at the public shew,
 In heartless, joyless pomp prefers his hours to spend.

No more the social fire-side circle charms,
 No more a mother's smiles he joys to meet;
 Fraternal love no more his bosom warms,
 Nor thoughts of giving joy imparts one rapture sweet.

No, Selfishness, thou art not Nature's child;
 Of proud and pamper'd Lux'ry thou wer't born;
 Not in the rural vale, or desert wild,
 But in those polish'd scenes where Plenty pours her
 horn.

Though the name of Carradine was never mentioned at Mrs. Fielding's, he was not forgotten by any of the party. The generous heart of Henry felt for the mortification of his rival, and finding that he did not come again to him, he took the earliest opportunity of calling at his lodgings. He there learned that Carradine had set off for Bath the day after he had last seen him, and from thence he soon after received from him the following letter:

“ MY

“MY DEAR SYDNEY,

“IMMEDIATELY on leaving you, I met with a party of friends who, like myself, were on the wing for India; but as the fleet will not be ready to sail for a few weeks, they resolved to take a dash to Bath in the interim. I liked the thought, and was glad to accompany them; and here we are beating about like so many spaniels in a rabbit-warren. No cessation from amusement. Morning, noon, and night, all here are on the scent of pleasure; but for what is called *pleasure* I find I have lost somewhat of my relish, for I now find living in a croud to be abominably insipid. Poor Doctor Orwell was shocked at the idea of girls of character going to the Indian market; but had he come to Bath, he might have beheld a perpetual fair, where every ball-room may be considered as a booth for the display of beauty to be disposed of to the highest matrimonial bidder.

der. Having been introduced to some very pleasant fellows, all of them men of large fortune and high connexions, I have through them had an opportunity of making what acquaintance I chose. The mothers have all smiled upon me, and I have had no reason to complain of my reception from the daughters. I have admired the beauty of several, and do not know, had it been less pressed upon my observation, what effect it might have had upon my heart. But what one sees morning, noon, and night, soon ceases to interest; and in a society where intimacy takes place without acquaintance, the mind can never rivet the chain which is forged by the senses.

“Harriet Orwell would not, I think, like Bath. No; she likes *conversation*, and here is only *talk*. But were Harriet Orwell here, she would, I make no doubt, soon discover some congenial souls, who form a more rational society than that

which has come within the sphere of my observation. But why do I mention Harriet Orwell? Why, to shew you that I can do it without pain; and to convince you that my heart has been made the better, and not the worse, for its admiration of excellence.

“From the tenor of my letter, you will perceive that this trip has been of use to my spirits, and if you are the generous fellow I take you for, you will entirely restore them. To do this, you must permit me to contribute to your happiness. I am at present looking out for some person in whose hands I can deposit two thousand pounds. It is the remainder of the sum I brought with me from India. I am perfectly careless about the interest, nor would the loss of the principal affect me; so that it is no compliment to say that the use of it is very much at your service. I hate the lawyers, and am an enemy to the stamp-act; I shall therefore have nothing

to say to bonds or parchments, but leave you to manage the sum I have mentioned entirely as you please, till my return to Europe; and am, &c. &c.

BASIL CARRADINE.

The reader's heart, if he have one, will be at no loss to suggest the reply which Henry made to the friendly offer of his truly generous rival. Another letter of the same date, received from Dr. Orwell, assigned to him a task of a more unpleasant nature. Tidings of Mr. Glib's having been arrested and thrown into prison had reached W——; and the good Doctor, who never remembered the faults of the unfortunate, intreated his friends to interest themselves in his behalf, and if possible, to extricate him from the horrors of confinement.

Following the directions they had received, Mr. Sydney and his son proceeded to Newgate; where, in a gloomy and desolate apartment, they found the unhappy

Glib, a prey to the most abject dejection. The flippancy of his manner was now exchanged for an air of despondency, which, however, a little brightened up on being informed of the purport of their visit. In order to know how far there was a possibility of serving him, it was necessary to have an accurate account of the state of his affairs; in giving which he was obliged to confess himself the dupe of Vallaton, against whom he now poured forth all the bitterness of invective.

Mr. Sydney was at much pains to turn the current of his wrath from the man to the principles on which he had acted; these the old gentleman was at great pains to pourtray in their proper colours. What he learned from Glib of the conduct of Vallaton, impressed him with a deep sorrow for the fate of poor Julia, and gave him a fresh anxiety concerning her situation; and finding that Glib, though he could not himself furnish any information concerning

concerning them, suspected Mr. Myope of being acquainted with the place of their concealment, he resolved immediately to apply to that gentleman on the subject.

While Henry remained to take in writing the statement which Glib had given of his affairs, his father proceeded to Myope's lodgings, and had the good fortune of finding him at home, and alone. He introduced himself without difficulty, but found the philosopher very little inclined to gratify him on the subject of his enquiries. After receiving some evasive answers to his plain questions, Mr. Sydney with some indignation said, "After the accounts I have just received from a person whom the perfidious villainy of this man has involved in ruin, I cannot wonder that he should skulk in concealment; but from you, sir, I should expect better than to protect a man who, as far as I can learn, has acted like a scoundrel in every thing."

‘ Scoundrels,

‘Scoundrels, sir,’ said Mr. Myope, ‘are frequently, indeed almost always, men of talents, and great talents are great energies; and great energies cannot but flow from a powerful sense of fitness and justice. You allude, I suppose, to Mr. Vallaton’s conduct as treasurer to the Hottentonian committee, from which conduct Mr. Glib has been a sufferer. But, sir, Mr. Vallaton no doubt perceived a degree of fitness in appropriating those sums to himself, which a man of more confined intellect might not have discovered.’

“Is it possible, sir,” cried Mr. Sydney, “that a man of your seeming gravity can be the apologist of such crimes?”

‘There is no such thing as crime,’ replied Myope; ‘and though Mr. Vallaton may, perhaps, in some instances have acted erroneously, yet it is incontestibly proved, that as a man of talents he cannot be destitute of virtue.’

“The

“The Devil himself is represented as possessed of talents,” returned Mr. Sydney, “and of him the doctrines you have mentioned are truly worthy.”

‘The Devil!’ rejoined Mr. Myope; ‘why, my dear sir, the Devil is the first of heroes! I cannot conceive a greater compliment than to be compared to the Devil. You do not know in what high estimation his character is held by modern philosophers. It is possible that his energies, like those of Mr. Vallaton, centered too much in personal regards; but take him all in all, his is the first of imaginary characters that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. Oh, the virtues of the Devil are inestimable!’

“Mr. Vallaton has indeed proved a very close imitator of the arch apostate,” said Mr. Sydney; “and I am afraid Miss Delmond, like our general mother, will find that she has listened to the voice of this black seducer to be

“Despoil’d of innocence, of faith, of bliss!”

Can you, sir, inform me (for, from the infamous character of the man, I have my doubts) whether he and Miss Delmond are really married?"

'I cannot speak to a certainty,' replied Myope; 'but all I can say is, that I do not think Mr. Vallaton a man likely to sanction by his example an institution so immoral and injurious to the interests of society.'

Mr. Sydney looked aghast. "Is it possible," cried he, "that vice should thus audaciously assume the name of virtue?"

'And pray, sir,' returned Myope, 'what is virtue, but another name for happiness? Is not happiness the only true end of existence?'

"That happiness is the only true end of existence, I grant you," said Mr. Sydney; "and if you can point out a single instance where an increase of happiness has been the result of this new system of morals, I shall allow your argument to have some weight."

'The

‘ The new morality is too sublime for the present depraved and distempered state of human society,’ rejoined Mr. Myope. ‘ The experiments that have been made in it have been rather premature, and therefore cannot expect to have been followed with advantageous consequences to the individuals, who have nobly stemmed the torrent of prejudice to make them.’

“ A proof to me,” replied Mr. Sydney, “ of the superiority of those principles which are adapted to every state of society, and to every circumstance in which a human being can be placed; which, by governing the passions and regulating the affections of the heart, bring peace to the soul, and are equally calculated for enhancing the enjoyment of prosperity by preserving from its temptations, and of allaying the bitterness of adversity by saving from despair.”

A contemptuous smile, which overspread the countenance of Mr. Myope as Mr. Sydney

Sydney pronounced the last sentence, indicated a sneering reply; but a letter, which was at that moment put into his hands by his servant, gave a new expression to every feature, and for the supercilious smile of scorn, substituted the frown of fury and revenge. ‘Vallaton is indeed a villain!’ exclaimed he, stamping his foot in a paroxysm of rage. ‘Insidious serpent! *He* seduce my Emmeline! *He* entice her to leave me in this manner! Ungrateful wretch! To act thus by *me*! It is intolerable!’ In this incoherent manner did he run on for some time, before Mr. Sydney could at all comprehend the cause of his inquietude. At length, however, he discovered that Mr. Vallaton had that morning set off for France with *the Goddess of Reason*, of whom it now appeared he had long been the favoured lover.

It may perhaps be expected, that Mr. Sydney should with avidity avail himself of so favourable an opportunity of triumph-
ing

ing in the discomfiture of an opponent; so far, however, was Mr. Sydney from doing so, that the expressions which would so naturally have slid to the tongue of many good people in similar circumstances, never once found their way to his. Observing the mind of Mr. Myope too much agitated for a discussion on principles, he only staid with him until he obtained an address to the lodgings Vallaton had lately occupied; and thither the old gentleman instantly hurried, in hopes of gaining some information concerning the injured and now forsaken Julia. His solicitude was fruitless. Vallaton and Julia had left these lodgings a fortnight, nor could the people of the house furnish him with any clue to their next place of abode. Oppressed by fatigue, and overwhelmed with regret, he returned to Mrs. Fielding's, where happiness beamed on every countenance, and the sweet flutterings of youthful hope, or the more delicious feelings of internal satisfaction,

fatisfaction, dwelt in every heart. In the contemplation of such a scene every selfish sorrow would have been annihilated. The heart of Mr. Sydney swelled with gratitude to the Giver of all good, for making him a witness of the happiness of his children, but had been too deeply wounded in the course of the morning to admit of an immediate return of its wonted serenity.

CHAP. XII.

- " Then gently scan your brother man,
 " Still gentler, sifter woman;
 " Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
 " To step aside is human.
 " Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
 " Decidedly can try us;
 " He knows each *chord*, its *various tone*,
 " Each spring, its various bias:
 " Then at the balance let's be mute,
 " *We never can adjust it;*
 " What's done we partly may compute,
 " *But never what's resisted.*"

BURNS.

BY the zeal of Mr. Sydney, the liberality of Mrs. Fielding, and the active exertions of Henry, the affairs of Mr. Glib were put into such a train, that in the course of a few days he was set at liberty. Putting himself under the direction of his benefactors, and abjuring all connection with
 his

his former associates, he set out for W—to re-enter upon the possession of his house and shop, to re-assemble his children round his own fire-side, and to receive back his repentant wife, who now forsaken by her gallant, was left a prey to the miseries of poverty, or the still greater miseries of vice. Having been mutually to blame, Mr. Sydney strongly recommended to them the duty of mutual forgiveness; and such weight had his advice, from the acts of beneficence with which it was prefaced, that they did not scruple to adopt it. New ideas of duty, and new perceptions of happiness, began to open on their minds; attention to business occupied the hours that had formerly been devoted to the study of new theories in philosophy; and instead of descanting on general utility, they now seriously applied themselves to the education of their own children.

Glib, being now convinced that there is no immorality in gratitude, scruples not to declare,

declare, that he owes to his benefactors not only the re-establishment of his credit, but the existence of his happiness. Nor let the proud reader murmur at our thus transgressing the order of our history, to give this concluding sketch of the adventures of a simple tradesman. It is the affected prerogative of selfish prosperity to consider as mere automats all who move not in its own exalted sphere; but it is the privilege of philosophy to view human nature from a still more lofty eminence, from which the paltry distinctions of situation are lost to the eye, and the interests of humanity assert an equal claim to the feelings of the heart.

To return to our narrative. The preparations for the nuptials were now completed; the day fixed on for their celebration was at hand. It was expected by the parties with that chastened hope, which in well-regulated minds attends the often-clouded prospect of earthly felicity. They
felt

felt the fulness of satisfaction, but were taught by reason to set bounds to the wild extravagance of joy.

The friendship of the two young ladies, which had been knit by a sympathy of taste and sentiment, was strengthened by a similarity of situation; nor would the happiness of either have been compleat, if it had not been shared by the other.

“Surely,” said Harriet, one day that she was sitting alone with her friend, “surely, Maria, we are highly favoured of Heaven; if our gratitude were proportioned to its gifts, I believe we should do nothing but pray and sing psalms from morning to night. Well, I wish to God that all the world was as happy as we are!”

‘And that wish, my dear girl,’ said Mrs. Fielding, who then entered the room, ‘is of itself a song of thanksgiving more acceptable than a thousand psalms. But where is Henry? I have got some business for him, and expected to find him here.’

“He

“ He will be here soon, I will answer for him,” said Maria, “ and here he is.”

‘ Here, however,’ said Mrs. Fielding, ‘ I cannot at present permit him to remain.’

She then put into his hands a billet she had just received from the matron of her asylum, informing her of the admission of an unfortunate young woman, who was so very ill as to require immediate medical assistance. Her appearance, she added, was extremely interesting, and plainly indicated something very superior to her present situation.

‘ Come,’ said Mrs. Fielding, when Henry had read the note, ‘ let us hasten to this poor unfortunate. The carriage is already at the door; and not to mortify you too much by taking you away, the girls shall accompany us. What say you, ladies, to my proposal?”

Their assent was readily accorded, and the coachman, obeying the orders of his mistress, drove full speed to the asylum.

On alighting, the young ladies went into the work-room, where they were already known and beloved; while Mrs. Fielding and Henry followed the matron to the chamber of the young stranger. There, reclining on the bed in a state of almost torpid insensibility, they beheld a young person, whose face was concealed from view by a mass of pale brown hair, which uncombed and unarranged flowed over it in wild disorder. The inimitable beauty of her hand and arm attracted their instant observation; Henry gazed for a moment in silence, and then suddenly advancing, "Is it possible!" cried he, in a smothered tone. "Is it Miss Delmond, Julia Delmond, that I see thus?"

At the sound of that name she hastily raised her head; and with a wild and sudden motion putting back her hair, frantically gazed on Henry for a moment, then uttering a loud scream, fainted away.

When

When she recovered, she found herself supported in the arms of Mrs. Fielding, and her face bathed with the tears which fell fast from that good lady's eyes. 'Where am I?' cried she, in a quick and hurried voice. 'And who are you? And why do you weep? Did *you* know my father? But be comforted; *you* did not kill him; you did not break his heart. Ah! no, no, no!' then striking her hand against her forehead, she hid her face in Mrs. Fielding's bosom.

"Do not afflict yourself thus, my dear child," said Mrs. Fielding; "you are ill, and must take care of yourself, and here is your old friend and physician, Doctor Sydney, who begs leave to attend you, and I dare say will join with me in entreating you to dismiss every uneasy thought from your mind. You are not among strangers, but surrounded by your best and most affectionate friends."

'Yes,' said Doctor Sydney, affectionately taking her hand, 'yes, dear Miss

Delmond, you do not know how much pleasure your recovery will give to many hearts.'

A deep sigh burst from her bosom, but as if afraid to look on Henry, she clung to Mrs. Fielding to conceal her face from his observation.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Fielding, "Miss Delmond would better like to see her friend Harriet Orwell."

'Harriet Orwell!' repeated Miss Delmond; 'ah! no, no, Harriet Orwell would now disdain to look on the poor forlorn Julia!'

"My Julia! my dear Julia! my sweet friend!" cried Harriet, who had only waited for a signal to approach her, and clasping her in her arms, imprinted an affectionate kiss on her pale cheek; "Never, never will your friend Harriet forsake you!" Sighs and tears choked her utterance; while Julia, with all the strength she had left, strained her to her bosom. She
attempted

attempted to speak, but voice was denied her; the words died away upon her parched and pallid lips, and again she was near fainting, when a timely shower of tears seemed in some measure to relieve her swollen heart.

It was the relief of nature, and her friends were too judicious to seek to stop the salutary effusion. Harriet, indeed, shed tear for tear; and Maria, who stood at a distance, apprehensive of overpowering the poor timid mourner, by the appearance of so many people at once, had her full share of the affecting scene.

At length Mrs. Fielding observed, that they must not too far indulge their feelings. That ill as Miss Delmond evidently was, she thought she might now be removed to her house without danger. “And when there,” said she, “I hope, under the care of so many kind nurses, she will soon be well. Come, my love,” she added, kindly pressing Julia’s hand, “do not too much
give

give way to this emotion, but let me prevail upon you to rally your exhausted spirits, and to take some refreshment to enable you to bear the fatigue of the ride."

Again Julia attempted to speak, but her words were not yet audible. With difficulty she swallowed the cordial Doctor Sydney had ordered, which seeming to restore some degree of animation to her languid frame, Mrs. Fielding took the opportunity of again urging their immediate departure. Henry begged leave to support her to the carriage. 'And I too,' said Harriet, putting her arm round her waist, 'I too will be the supporter of my dear Julia.'

She passively permitted them to raise her from the chair, when, as if recollecting herself, she shrunk suddenly from their assisting arms, exclaiming, "Oh! never, never, never shall the house of Mrs. Fielding be contaminated by the reception of a wretch like me. Here let me hide myself
from

from a world that will despise me, and here let me die in peace." The effort she made in pronouncing these words shook her whole frame; her eyes rolled wildly round, and she seemed speedily relapsing into the same disordered state from which she had so lately recovered.

In vain did Harriet second Mrs. Fielding's kind intreaties with all the soothing eloquence of friendship. She made no other reply than by clinging to the bed-post, and several times repeating, in a hollow tone, "No, no, here, here," and some other disjointed words, all, however, plainly indicative of her determined resolution of not being removed.

Henry at length put an end to the contest by declaring, that it would be injurious in her present state to persist in it any further.

'Here then, my love, you shall stay for to-day,' said Mrs. Fielding, 'provided you will suffer yourself to be put immediately to bed, and take whatever Doctor Sydney orders for you.' It

It was then agreed, that she should be left to the care of Harriet, who would on no account leave her. Nor did Henry require the motive of Harriet's presence to determine him to devote as much of his time as was not engaged by other patients, to the relief of this unhappy girl; though as his hopes rested more upon the efficacy of confidential friendship than on the exertion of medical skill, they depended on Harriet still more than on himself. After the departure of Mrs. Fielding and Maria he withdrew, telling Harriet she would find him in the parlour whenever she thought his attendance necessary. Harriet smiled her approbation of his kind solicitude, and as soon as he was gone, urged Julia to permit herself to be immediately undressed. Julia made no opposition to her proposal, and as Harriet observed her uneasiness at the approach of strangers, she herself performed the office of her maid. While she endeavoured to confine within the small cap, the matron had provided for

her, those beautiful tresses which she had so often seen adorned with the nicest care, and remembered how proud Captain Delmond used to be of their luxuriant growth, she was so forcibly struck with the contrast the present moment presented, that she could not restrain the falling tear. Julia perceived the tender emotion; and seizing Harriet's hand, pressed it to her lips.

“My good, my gentle Harriet!” said she, in a low and tremulous voice, “you alone, of all the world, will have compassion on me. It is your innate virtue only that will not fear contamination from a wretch like me. Oh that my father had had such a child!” Then leaning her head against Harriet's shoulder, she burst into a fresh agony of tears. It was a considerable time before Harriet's utmost efforts could restore her to any degree of composure; at length she was conveyed to bed, and a soporific draught soon gave a temporary oblivion to her sorrows.

Towards

Towards the close of evening, Henry, who shared with his amiable mistress the task of watching the slumbers of their unhappy friend, was called out of the room. He soon returned, followed by his father, who, to Miss Orwell's great surprise, led in his hand the almost-forgotten Bridgetina. She took no notice of Harriet, but with trembling steps followed Mr. Sydney to the bed-side. On beholding the face of Julia, she started, and laying hold of Mr. Sydney's arm, 'Why,' said she, 'did you not tell me she was dead!'

"Nay, shrink not from this sight," said Mr. Sydney, without noticing her mistake, "but in that pale face and altered form contemplate the fruits of your boasted system of happiness and virtue. Lovely, indeed, very lovely was this fallen flower! and long might it have bloomed the delight of every heart, had it not been deprived of those supports which God and Nature had assigned it. Sweet innocent! how cruel was the spoiler that laid thy

glory in the dust! how detestable the arts that led to thy destruction!”

Bridgetina, though not remarkable for the quickness of her feelings, was affected. She sobbed aloud. In pity to her distress, and in apprehension that Julia might be disturbed by her noisy grief, Harriet took pains to comfort her. She told her they had every reason to hope for Miss Delmond’s speedy recovery. “Even the wound which her peace of mind has received is not mortal,” said she; “she will apply to the balm of consolation, and the principles of religion will aid the power of time, and restore her to tranquillity.”

“She is not then dead!” cried Bridgetina, eagerly pressing forward. “She breathes! I see she breathes. Look how she smiles! but ah! how ghastly is that smile! how unlike the playful smile of Julia! What has wrought this change?”

“It has been wrought,” said Mr. Sydney, “by the same delusive principles that have

have seduced you from the path of filial duty. Had nature bestowed on you a form as beautiful, or a face as fair, you too would have been the prey of lust, and the victim of infamy. Be thankful that you have escaped a fate so dreadful. Repent of having ever dared it; and by your future behaviour to your fond mother, strive to make amends for your past conduct."

Bridgetina wept bitterly, but did not refuse her hand to Mr. Sydney, who led her out of the room, without having given the least disturbance by their presence to the profound slumbers of Julia.

In order to account for the appearance of our heroine at this juncture, it is necessary to mention the proceedings of Mr. Sydney subsequent to the interview with Mr. Myope, which has been already related. Mr. Sydney (though a clergyman) was neither *dictatorial*, *impatient of contradiction*, *harsh in his censures*, nor *illiberal in his judgments*.* He saw the prejudices

* See Enquirer, p. 232.

of Myope with compassion; he felt for the situation in which his false principles had plunged him, with the acutest sensibility; and was impelled by his benevolence to exert every power of his soul for the restoration of his peace.

The mind of Mr. Myope was now in a state peculiarly favourable to the reception of new impressions. The ardour with which he had embraced the new theory of morals was somewhat abated. Circumstances had occurred, which even before the desertion of his friend and mistress, had considerably cooled his zeal. This event had given a new turn to his reflections, and he began to doubt whether the recent discoveries in morality were likely to be attended with all the beneficial consequences to mankind, which, in the moment of enthusiasm he had so fondly predicted. The antipathy he had imbibed against the clerical character, made him receive the first advances of Mr. Sydney with reluctance;

tance; but he soon found that zeal is not necessarily accompanied with arrogance, and that a preacher of christianity is not always of consequence *dogmatical and intolerant*.

As Myope had been a zealous leader of several different sects of religionists, it may be supposed that Mr. Sydney could offer to him no new arguments in support of christianity; but however strange it may appear, so it was, that the light in which the truths of natural and revealed religion were placed by Mr. Sydney, were such as never before had been presented to the mind of the philosopher. He sought not to perplex by logical definitions; he betrayed no zeal for peculiar tenets; he treated the various explanations of particular passages of scripture as of very small importance; and seemed only anxious for the establishment of great and fundamental truths. The God of Mr. Sydney was a God of mercies—a God of consolation—

“ the

“ the God of lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of changing.” His gospel, the perfection of benevolence, proclaiming “ peace on earth, and goodwill towards men.”

The enthusiasm of Mr. Myope kindled as he spoke, but it was not the design of Mr. Sydney to excite enthusiasm. He represented it as the business of religion to regulate the emotions of the heart, to allay the effervescence of the spirits, and to watch over the peculiar tendency of the temper. Its office to conduct the activity of an ardent mind into proper channels, where, instead of being expended in vain speculations, it may be productive of real and substantial good. Far from loading with indiscriminate abuse all the opinions which formed a part of Mr. Myope’s system, Mr. Sydney allowed all the merit that was due to the spirit of philanthropy which breathed in his notions of benevolence, and gave to his doctrines of sincerity the warmest

warmest and most decided applause. But while he applauded the abstract notions entertained of each of these noble principles, he plainly demonstrated their inutility in the direction Mr. Myope had given them; and proved that to these, as well as to every other virtue, the principles of christianity were the best, the only support. "I do indeed admire and applaud the zeal with which you espouse the cause of the poor and oppressed part of our species," said Mr. Sydney; "it does honour to your heart. But what does your system do for them? What does it propose to do?"

'It proposes,' replied Mr. Myope, 'by enlightening the public mind, to render an equality of conditions, by the voluntary cession of property, universal.'

"Supposing this to be practicable," returned Mr. Sydney, "(though how a person who is at all acquainted with the world or with human nature can make the supposition, I am at a loss to imagine)
still

still it does not appear that happiness is the natural and necessary result. Does the experience of those who are most exempt from the physical evils of life, lead us to form such a conclusion? I am sure it does not. And what is the present consequence of such doctrines to the objects of your benevolent regard? To infuse additional gall into the bitter cup of poverty, to add to the burden of human miseries a load of discontent! How different that system of equality preached by Him who emphatically announced himself the friend of the poor and needy! What are riches, or honours, or even the less equivocal blessings of liberty and independence, compared with the glorious certainty of the favour of God, and the enjoyment of immortal happiness? By this hope have millions been supported under the pressure of calamities which your system could never reach; for in it alone is found a cure for the sorrows of the heart.

The love of glory and the desire of fame have sometimes, it is true, animated their votaries into a contempt for the evils of pain, and even of death itself; but from the influence of this principle the many must ever be excluded. The man who cherishes it, and is by his situation thrown into obscurity, where his sufferings are unnoticed, or regarded with contempt, must be miserable; but absolute misery can never in any situation be the lot of the christian."

After some little hesitation, the truth of Mr. Sydney's assertion was acknowledged by Mr. Myope; still, however, the enormous evils attendant on the present state of society afforded him an ample field for expatiation and censure. These Mr. Sydney canvassed one by one, as they were pointed out by the philosopher. Some he traced to causes very different from those from which Mr. Myope had deduced them; some he proved to have consequences less injurious than those assigned them; and others

others he candidly gave up, as subjects of regret and mortification to every thinking mind; while he evidently shewed, that not an evil complained of could have existence in a society, where the spirit of christianity was the ruling principle of every heart.

The impresson he made upon his learned adversary was gradual, but it was strong; and at every successive conversation he found him less tenacious of his former theory, and more inclined to admit the proofs of the truth of that doctrine which alone,

- “ Amid life’s pains, abasements, emptiness,
- “ The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill;
- “ Which only, and which amply this, performs;
- “ Lifts us above life’s pains, her joys above!
- “ Their terrors those, and these their lustre lose;
- “ Eternity depending covers all.”*

It was on his return from one of these conferences that Mr. Sydney learned the situation of Julia. It immediately occurred to him, that an incident so striking was

* Young.

more

more likely to produce an effect on the mind of Bridgetina than any argument that could possibly be made use of. Mrs. Fielding readily entered into his views, and impatiently waited to know the result of the interview they then projected, and and from which they expected the most salutary effects. How far their expectations were answered shall appear hereafter.

CHAP. XIII.

“ Prostrate fell

“ Before him reverent, and there confess’d

“ Humbly their faults, and pardon begg’d with tears,

“ Watering the ground; and with their sighs the air

“ Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign

“ Of sorrow unfeign’d, and humiliation meek.”

MILTON.

THE slumbers of Julia were not refreshing. She awoke languid and oppressed, but perfectly restored to her recollection. Harriet, for whom a bed had been provided in an adjoining room, had retired to snatch a short repose; and Henry had some hours before been obliged to go to the other end of the town, so that on awaking, the nurse was the only person near her. To her she addressed herself in
low

low and trembling accents, "Pray, pray, good woman, be so kind as to inform me where I am. I thought I came to the Asylum of the Destitute. Yes, I remember the name—*the Asylum of the Destitute*. Is it there I am?"

'Yes,' replied the nurse, 'this is the Asylum of the Destitute.'

"Thank God!" said Julia, "I am then safe. I am under the protection of the virtuous. I believe my head has been disturbed. It has been sadly confused. I thought some dear friends were with me; but it was all a dream. I now see it was a dream."

'Miss Orwell sat up with you the greatest part of the night,' said the nurse.

"Miss Orwell! Harriet Orwell! Dear amiable girl! And shall I not see her again?"

'She is only lain down to take a little rest. Dr. Sydney insisted on it before he would go away.'

"Henry

“ Henry Sydney too here! Yes, I think I remember seeing him. But how extraordinary is all this! I believe my head is still strangely bewildered, for I can account for nothing.”

‘ It is only the effects of your sleeping draught, Madam. You had better keep quiet for a little time, and it will soon go off;’ replied the judicious nurse, drawing the curtains.

Julia followed her advice, and remained silent till the light footsteps of Harriet attracted her attention. She then quickly withdrew the curtains, and raising herself up in the bed, held out both her hands to her fair friend, who, tenderly embracing her, made anxious enquiries after her health. “ Ah, Harriet! how good, how very good you are! But your kindness overpowers me. When last I saw you, how little did I think I should now be the humbled wretch I am!”

‘ Do

‘Do not distress yourself, my dear Julia, by too keen a recollection of past events. Over these we have no control. Let us occupy our minds by the present and the future; and if we do so properly, be assured there is no evil of which good may not be the result.’

“Alas! for me no good remains. No, no; for me all is the darkness of despair, the gloom of misery! My father!—Oh, Harriet, you know the circumstances of his death; tell me then, nay do not conceal it; tell me, if with his latest breath he did not curse his Julia?”

‘No, my dear, your father expired in a better frame of mind; his last words were to implore a blessing on you. He never spoke of you with resentment, but pitied your delusion, and I believe from his heart forgave it.’

“Did he, indeed! and did he bless me! Oh, my dear, dear papa! how could I—”

Here

Here she was interrupted by a flood of tears, which for some time rendered her incapable of holding further converse.

‘Do not, my dear Julia,’ said Harriet, ‘do not, I beseech you, dwell so much upon the past. Much as I wish to know the particulars of all the cruel circumstances that have led to our present meeting, I will not now permit you to enter upon the sad detail. We shall have sufficient time for this hereafter, as I hope you will find yourself well enough this morning to accompany me to Mrs. Fielding’s, in whom, I can assure you, you will find a tender and affectionate friend; she will be as a mother to you, till the arrival of your own; and I hope I may this morning have the pleasure of informing Mrs. Delmond, that you are under such respectable protection.’

“Alas! alas! it is impossible. Never can I appear at Mrs. Fielding’s; never more can I enjoy the pleasures of society. No, Harriet; I have been a vain, guilty, infatuated

infatuated creature; but never will I add to my self-condemnation by the meanness of imposture. In retirement, deep retirement, will I bury myself from the notice of the world. Even from you, my kind, my estimable friend—even from you must I hide myself; lest your fair fame should suffer by your deigning to pity such a wretch as I. Oh, I am indeed a wretch!

“Have I not steep’d a mother’s couch in tears,

“And ting’d a father’s dying cheek with shame?”

Oh, for me there is no comfort.”

‘And think you, Julia, that I am a slave to the *letter*, and a stranger to the *spirit* of virtue! That you have erred, I regret; but that you are sensible of your error, gives you a claim not only to my esteem, but my admiration. For how much less effort does it require to keep in the onward path of virtue, than to recover it when gone but a single step astray? Amply, I am assured, shall your future life compensate the fault of inexperienced youth.

Cheer

Cheer up, then, my Julia; and believe that you may yet be doubly dear to all who ever loved you.'

"Ah, Harriet! your words are a cordial (what a cordial!) to my drooping heart." Here she fervently pressed the hand of Harriet to her lips; then dropping it, and looking timidly in her face, while a burning blush shot over her pallid cheek, "But you—you know not all my shame. You know not that it *must be public*. I see you are shocked, greatly shocked. Did I not say, that even you would scorn to own me?"

"I am shocked, my love, I confess; but it is with the idea that your sufferings are not yet to have an end. Let us not talk more of this circumstance at present; permit me only to confide it to Mrs. Fielding, on whom you may rely for advice, and in whose tenderness you will find consolation.'

"To Mrs. Fielding! Alas, yes, it must be so—but yet—why, Harriet, after all that has befallen me, should false shame
bring

bring this cold sweat upon my forehead? But I will conquer it. Do I not deserve the censure I shall meet with? And why should I shrink from my deserts? Tell her, however—pray tell her, that I did not fall a prey to depraved inclination; that my judgment was perverted by argument, not seduced by flattery; and that when I yielded to the specious reasonings of my betrayer, I thought I was setting an example of high-souled virtue, which soared above the vulgar prejudices of the world. It is to vanity—yes, Harriet, I now see it is to vanity (though not the vanity of beauty) that I owe my ruin!”

Here she paused for a little, but Harriet only answering her by a sigh, she thus renewed the conversation. “My mind is still perplexed and bewildered. I have acted upon the sublimest principles of morality; I have been inspired by the most elevated sentiments of virtue. But virtue is happiness—and I am miserable! Is it
owing

owing to the prejudices of society that I am so? Ah! no. My father!—my unhappy father!—Had my heart received no other wound, his death would have transfixed a dagger in its inmost core. But how has it been wounded by another hand! How cruelly torn! O Harriet! my sufferings have been multiplied. I have passed through scenes which would freeze your soul with horror—but I dare not think of them. No, no, let me not think of them. I must avoid distraction—I—”

Harriet, perceiving the agitation of her mind, and fearful of its consequences, tenderly interrupted her, and used every endeavour to soothe her into composure. Henry soon after came in, and while he made his enquiries after Julia's health, Harriet stepped down to Mrs. Fielding, who was below in the parlour. She there informed her of all that had passed in the late conversation. They then consulted together on what was now to be done with
the

the poor unfortunate, and as Harriet gave it as her opinion, that she would not be prevailed upon to remove to Mrs. Fielding's house, it was agreed, that she should remain where she was until the arrival of her mother, who was immediately to be sent for. Mrs. Fielding then begged leave to wait upon her; Julia would have excused herself, on account of her being still in bed; she had attempted to rise but had fainted in the attempt, and was advised by the Doctor not to get up till the evening, when he hoped she would find herself restored to greater strength. Mrs. Fielding waved the apology, and though her first appearance threw Julia (who conjectured the subject of her conversation with Harriet) into the deepest confusion, the sympathetic tenderness of her address was so truly maternal, that it quickly re-assured her confidence, and restored her serenity.

The natural openness and candour of Julia's mind suggested the propriety of
giving

giving her friends a faithful relation of all that had befallen her; but neither strength nor feelings were equal to the task. Mrs. Fielding and Harriet, perceiving that the bare recollection of some of these events was attended with a degree of horror that shook her tender frame, united their endeavours to recall her from the subject. They spoke of her health, and of the means necessary for its restoration; of these Mrs. Fielding mentioned country air as the most efficacious. She said, she had upon her estate in Hertfordshire a charming cottage, where Mrs. Delmond and Julia might enjoy all the advantages of retirement, and remain as long as they pleased unnoticed and unknown. When convenient for them to quit it, if they chose to remove to Ireland, she had there some friends to whom she could introduce them in such a manner as would procure their welcome reception into a very agreeable circle of society.

“ I understand

“ I understand your kind hint, my dear Madam,” said Julia, “ I perfectly understand it; but you must not think me an ungrateful creature if I decline your generous offer. I would live—yes, it is now my wish to live, that by my future life I may make some amends for my past misconduct. But I greatly fear I have, in a moment of despair, of heart-rending agony, shortened the period of my existence. O that I could recall that moment ! O that I may not have been a double murderer ! My father ! and my child ! Nay, I pray you do not look upon me with such horror ! I cannot bear that look !” covering up her head with the bed-clothes.

‘ Fear not the looks of us, thy frail fellow-mortals,’ rejoined Mrs. Fielding ; ‘ to the Searcher of hearts thy humility and thy penitence will be acceptable. And shall we, who know not how little of our boasted virtue we can call our own—we, who are ignorant of the temptations that
have

have assailed thee, dare to pronounce thy condemnation? No, my dear Miss Delmond; far other sentiments, believe me, at this moment inspire our breasts. But if you feel my presence too much for you, I will retire and leave you with your friend Miss Orwell, to whom you may safely unburthen every feeling of your heart.'

Again Julia lifted up her head, and pressing Mrs. Fielding's hand, which had kindly taken hold of her's, "Surely," said she, "there is a GOD, a Providence, a reward hereafter for goodness such as your's. But if there be a GOD, if there be an hereafter, what must my situation be?"

'That GOD, my dear, who in the things that are made hath not left himself without a witness, is, by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, revealed to us as a father and a friend. Surrounded as we are by the glorious proofs of a Supreme Intelligence, it is scarcely possible for a sane mind to doubt the existence of a GOD. But our peculiar

happiness is to have our vague and imperfect ideas upon this subject cleared and explained by Him who brought life and immortality to light; our great master came into the world "not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might have life." He addressed not himself to the perfect. He professed not to call the "righteous (or those who proudly deemed themselves such) but sinners to repentance," and revealed to them the Almighty as a **God** of hope and consolation. Do not then, my sweet girl, encourage the language of despair. Acquaint yourself with the promises of the Gospel, and when the world withdraws its consolations, these shall support your soul. I hope, however, that you have not—no, assuredly you have not, done any thing with a wilful intention of shortening your existence?"

"Oh! yes, yes! If there be guilt in seeking to fly from a miserable existence, I am guilty! In a moment of frenzy and desperation

ration I swallowed poison, I hoped it would have rid me of a wretched being, and buried my woes in the dark abyss of annihilation; but no sooner had I done the dreadful deed, than Nature recoiled, and death, which had long been the only object of my wishes, appeared horrible to my view. Oh! how my soul then struggled within me! What palpitations, what terrors laid hold of my distracted mind! 'Twas then, then I first suspected the possibility of my having cherished false opinions; then that I first began to fear, that there *might* be reality in those I had been taught to despise. The conversations I had held with you, my Harriet, rushed upon my recollection; we had each of us acted upon the principles we had adopted; but, oh! how different was the result! These and a thousand other agonizing reflections tore my throbbing heart, while momentarily I expected its beating pulse to be arrested by the cold hand of death. In this I was

x 2 disappointed;

disappointed; cold shiverings, indeed, came upon me, and a numbness, which has not yet left me, seized my limbs, but death came not. I fear, however, the consequences will still be fatal—if not to myself, to——”

Here she stopped, and Mrs. Fielding kindly renewed those soothing assurances of divine aid, and divine mercy, which, however lightly thought of in the gay hours of prosperity, are found a cordial to the sinking heart.

Mrs. Fielding's zeal was not disgraced by bigotry, nor was it enflamed by superstition; she did not seek to overwhelm the already broken spirit by aggravating the colour of past offences, but rather made it her endeavour to re-assure her confidence in the possibility of future happiness from future exertions of virtue.

It was her opinion, that the support of reputation being found to be a strong additional motive to virtue, it ought not to
be

be put out of the power of the unfortunate female, who, conscious of her error, is desirous to retrieve it by her after conduct. On this account, in the next conversation she held with Julia, she was led again to propose the plan she had suggested for her going first into the country, where she could enjoy all the privacy her circumstances required; and then removing to a situation, where the past incidents of her life might remain for ever buried in oblivion.

Julia listened to her proposal with respectful attention, and then, though in faltering accents, with a look and manner that denoted the utmost firmness and composure, she thus replied:—"I am fully, I am gratefully sensible of the goodness of your intention; your kind consideration for my reputation is the suggestion of pure benevolence, and believe me, I feel it as I ought. Do not, therefore, my dear Madam, attribute to perverseness or pride my opposition to your proposal; but it is
a subject

a subject on which I have deeply thought; on which I have fully made up my mind. If you will have the goodness to listen to my reasons you will, I flatter myself, acknowledge the force of the arguments that have determined me."

Mrs. Fielding affectionately intreating her to speak without reserve, she thus proceeded:—"The peculiar disadvantages under which our sex is doomed to labour, early appeared to me so enormous, that it made me listen with avidity to the reveries of the new theorists, whose doctrines promised emancipation from the tyranny of prejudice; and seemed to offer the rights of equality to the hitherto degraded part of the human race. Independence I considered as essential to virtue. But what was the independence to which I had resort? Alas! to throw off the gentle, the endearing restraints of parental authority for the yoke of a domineering passion, which bowed my soul in subjection to a
man

man who has since proved the most barbarous and unworthy of the human race! In the height of my enthusiasm for the new doctrines I had embraced, I was intoxicated with the idea, that for me it was reserved to point out to my sex a new and nobler path to glory than the quiet duties of domestic life. To convince them, that equal to man in all the most noble qualities of the mind, we ought to scorn the meanness of confining our notions of virtue to one point; and that it was to our giving way to the prejudices of society in this particular, we owed the degradation and misery of our sex. You, Madam, will wonder at my strange delusion, when I confess that I considered the loss of my honour as a sacrifice to principle, and that in this idea I struggled to overcome the instinctive repugnance of that delicacy which Nature had implanted, and education cherished, in my breast. I was taught to glory in having asserted the prerogative of human nature in a free and independent

independent choice; but when I expected the meed of fame, I was plunged into the depth of misery, and goaded by the stings of remorse. Alas! what idea can *words* convey of what I have suffered!—Robbed, betrayed, deserted, by the man on whom my foolish heart rested as lover, counsellor, and friend! The cruel certainty of his unworthiness would have been sufficient to have made me miserable for ever. But this, even this, was light to what I suffered, when in the den of demons, to which I was betrayed, I saw in an old newspaper, put as a wrapper about some writing-paper, the account of my father's death. Then, indeed, the excess of horror seized my soul. The wretches that surrounded me were to me no longer objects of hate or terror. On myself, on my own guilty head all my execrations were poured. The vilest of the vile, compared with me, I thought was innocent. In the frenzy of despair I endeavoured to escape existence; but no sooner

had

had I swallowed the deadly potion, than the death I so ardently had wished for became dreadful to my imagination. Oh! the struggles of that moment! But they are not to be described. Blessed be God! that however dreadful, they were salutary. In the violence of the conflict the strength of contending passions seemed to have been exhausted. A sort of gloomy tranquillity succeeded, which was not interrupted, save by my renewed apprehensions of the wicked designs of the people of the vile house, where I knew myself to be a prisoner. Many were my plans for escape which accident had rendered abortive. At length, on the certainty that violence was intended me, and that the wretched woman had actually received the price of my person from a man of seeming gravity, who, while he kept what is called a fair character in society, and was himself the father of daughters, whose honour he would have protected with his life, would not have scrupled

scrupled to gratify his own brutal passions at the expence of the temporal and eternal happiness of a poor young creature destitute of all protection. I collected all the vigour of my mind, and determined to run every risk, in order to effect my escape. Having taken my resolution, I affected a degree of composure, and even of cheerfulness, that my design might be the less suspected; and the moment that I found myself unobserved, in pursuance of my plan, I hastened up to the garret, got out of the window upon the leads, and as fast as my benumbed limbs would permit, slowly crept upon my hands and knees along the different houses, till I reached that at the end of the street. There I likewise found the garret-window open; with some difficulty I entered, and quickly shutting after me, retired into a corner, where leaning against the wall, I stood gasping for breath, and trembling in every limb.

“ A little

“A little kitten had, without my perceiving it, crept in at the half-open door. A boy of about four years old came in pursuit of it; but seeing me, screamed and fled. New terrors then seized upon me, as I made no doubt he would alarm the family, and that I should be treated as a thief, perhaps consigned to the horrors of a prison; but as no prison was so dreadful in my eyes as that I had just quitted, I resolved to bear my destiny with patience. Part of my apprehensions were soon fulfilled. The mistress of the house, followed by her maid-servant and a lad of about fourteen, armed with a huge stick, came up to me, and almost in one voice demanded how I came there?

“I came hither for protection—for deliverance! O save me, dear Madam,” said I, dropping on my knees; “save me from death, and worse than death!”

“Where did you come from?” said the mother of the little boy, who now ventured to approach me.

I told

I told her. She at first seemed to doubt my veracity, but did not hesitate (before her doubts on this head were removed) to assure me of temporary protection.

‘Whether what you say be true or no,’ said she, ‘you are young, and evidently unfortunate. I have children of my own, and who knows what may yet befall them! So, poor thing, I will not betray you. Here, however, these wretches may soon trace you; and how can a poor widow defend you? I would therefore advise you to put yourself under the protection of a magistrate, who will put you in a way of returning to your friends.’

“Alas!” said I, “I have no friends! Oh God! what will become of me!”

‘Take courage, Miss,’ said the servant-maid, taking my hand with an appearance of sympathy for which my heart shall never cease to be grateful, ‘there is a refuge for you, a blessed refuge—*The Asylum of the Destitute*. There I myself was saved from
misery

misery and destruction. There you will be received, and treated with kindness and humanity; and if you appear to be a proper-behaved person, will have every encouragement to continue in a virtuous course."

"Where," cried I, "oh, where is this blessed retreat? Let me fly to it instantly. I will do any thing, I will submit to any thing—only to get permission to live among the good and virtuous. I care not how humble, how lowly—for I am truly humbled."

I would instantly have set out, but the good people, observing how ill I was, proposed my remaining there till the evening, and that in the mean time I should take some refreshment and repose; and much, indeed, did I stand in need of both. They supported me between them to a bed-chamber on the first-floor; and there, by their advice, I was about to lay me down, when a loud knocking at the door called
away

away both mistress and maid, and threw me into fresh trepidation. I listened, and heard a man's voice. It was loud and terrible. A thief, he said, had escaped from justice, and must have contrived to hide herself in some house on that side of the street; he therefore advised them to secure their doors, as if they permitted her to get off, they would be considered as accessaries in her crimes. I could not hear what reply was made by the mistress of the house, and dreadful was the suspense I remained in till she returned to me. She came, but suspicion was not in her looks.

‘Alas! poor thing,’ said she, ‘you must depart from hence immediately. I have sent Hannah for a coach, and in it she shall conduct you to the Asylum; for I believe, yes, I *do* believe you innocent.’

I had no power to reply. She wrapped me in a long cloak, and put her own bonnet and veil upon my head, to conceal me from the people who might be watching
for

for me in the street. I happily got into the coach without observation, and supported by the kind-hearted Hannah, reached this blessed place in safety. Ah! how little did I then imagine who I was here to meet with! The agitation I had undergone, together with the want of food and sleep, affected my brain; I was sensible that it was affected. One image took possession of my mind—the image of my dying father. I conceived myself doomed to suffer as his murderer, and that all I had undergone, all I yet might have to undergo, was in expiation of this foul offence. Alas! the return of reason, though it enables me to methodize my thoughts, takes not from the bitterness of this reflection. But how have I wandered from the subject on which I designed to have explained myself! Forgive me, dear Madam, for I now fear I shall exhaust your patience.”

‘Not my patience, dear Miss Delmond, but your own strength, is in danger of being exhausted

exhausted by the continuance of the conversation. If, however, you do not feel yourself too much fatigued, I shall be glad to hear the plan you intend to adopt, and the reasons you have for thinking it preferable to mine; which was intended to save your character from obloquy, and to restore to society one whose many virtues may still eminently adorn it.'

"For your good intentions, I thank you—from my heart. I thank you," replied Julia; "but low as I am now sunk in my own estimation, sensible as I am of the faultiness of my conduct, and humbled under the consciousness, as my soul truly is, I must shrink still lower than I am, not to feel myself degraded by the practice of any species of imposture. Whether the unrelenting laws of society with regard to our sex are founded in injustice or otherwise, is not for me to determine. Happy they who submit without reluctance to their authority! But first to set them at defiance,

defiance, and then under false pretences to shrink from the penalty, what is this but to add hypocrisy to presumption—to add an unjustifiable (because deliberate) crime to an error, which perhaps may receive some mitigation on the score of human frailty? Forgive me, Madam, for speaking in this manner on a subject you have evidently considered in a different light; but I know you are too generous to find fault with me for differing from you.”

‘Find fault with you, my dear!’ said Mrs. Fielding; ‘no, I honour you in my heart for your noble sentiments, so full of integrity and honour. I do not pretend to combat them, but in justification of myself shall only mention the motives that led to my proposal. On unsullied character, not only our reception in society, but our usefulness in life depends. The woman who is suspected of having made a false step, but who, by assiduously concealing it, shews some regard for reputation, will ever

meet with more indulgence from the world than she, who by openly avowing it, seems to brave its censures. In the latter case she becomes a mark for public scorn to point the finger at; all the virtues she may possess are of no avail, or rather they are considered by the world, what certain dogmatists affirm of the virtues of the unregenerate, as so many *shining sins*. Her dishonour attaches not merely to herself alone, but extends to all with whom she is connected. Should her future conduct be ever so circumspect, nay should it be ever so exemplary over those of her own sex who are most inclined to applaud it, the fetters of public opinion will still exert a restraining influence, and very few will dare to own her. Men alone will presume to express for her any friendship; and thus thrown upon the protection of men, while her heart beats indignant at what she considers as injustice, who can answer for the consequences? From all these evils who would

would not wish to preserve a character so estimable? Have not your errors been already sufficiently expiated by your sufferings? Why then should you be lost to society at a period of life when you might enter it with every advantage? You are yet but in the very early morning of your life; by removing to another kingdom, you may in a manner recommence its course. Nor can the concealment of the past be properly termed imposition; that belongs to false pretences only, and I am convinced the conduct of your future life will vindicate the reality of your claim to respect and veneration.'

Julia's languid eyes were suffused with tears of gratitude. "How generously do you endeavour to reconcile me to myself," she exclaimed; "but it cannot be. Hope of future happiness can never reanimate my heart. On me the sun of joy is set for ever. The only ray of peace or consolation that can ever shine upon me, must be

from the approbation of my own mind, reverberated and confirmed by the approbation of those to whom it is fully known. Mortifying to me would be the applause, oh! very mortifying the expressions of esteem I might receive from strangers; who, if they knew the circumstances I must then labour to conceal, would spurn me from them with contempt. No, my dear Madam; my place in society I have forfeited; nor will I endeavour to regain it by clandestine means. I will not add to my transgression by relinquishing the duties I have still to perform. If I am the means of bringing a helpless being into the world under circumstances the most deplorable, I will not desert it. Oh, no! Cruelly, very cruelly has it already been deserted by one parent! and shall its mother, for the sake of preserving a false appearance to the world, act a part equally inhuman? Never! never! The infamy I have brought upon its innocent head I shall freely share; and
devote

devote my future life to making it what recompence is in my power, for the inauspicious circumstances under which it is for ever doomed to labour." As she thus spoke, her fine eyes regained a momentary lustre, heightened by the vivid blush that gleamed on her pale cheek wet with tears.

Mrs. Fielding gazing on her as she spoke, felt for her a degree of admiration mingled with pity and regret, that caused sensations too big for utterance. She folded her maternal arms round her, and pressed her to her heart. 'You are, indeed you are, an admirable creature!' she at length exclaimed. 'Your arguments make me ashamed of the comparative meanness of my own sentiments upon this subject; and approbation is too poor a word to express the sense I have of your magnanimity.'

"Alas!" replied Julia, "how little am I deserving of such praise! Were all my tears tears of penitence for past misconduct,

duct, and did my heart possess sufficient firmness to throw from its affections the man who has proved himself unworthy of its esteem, then indeed I might boast some little portion of magnanimity. But ah! how feeble are the sentiments of virtue, when they prove so ineffectual in subduing the strength of an unhappy passion!"

‘ Let not this consideration too much discourage you,’ said Mrs. Fielding. The affections of love are much more warm and vivid than those of friendship; and yet even in friendship, where it has been misplaced, the heart is long, very long in receiving the conviction that is forced upon it by reason. Affection still lingers in the bosom, even after esteem has taken its everlasting flight; nor does it finally forsake it, till the mind has experienced the most exquisite degree of anguish in the contest. Still, where the love of virtue reigns, the love of its opposite will in the end be conquered. Take courage,
then

then, my dear, and employ your mind, not so much in ruminating on the past, as in forming plans for your future conduct.’

The entrance of Harriet and Maria, who just then returned from an airing which Mrs. Fielding had prevailed on them to take, put an end to the conversation. A kind contest then took place between the two friends about which should remain with Julia, who was at length called upon to determine it. Affectionately pressing the hand of each, “Between two such cordials,” said she, “it is difficult for me to choose; but here is my physician, and to his decision I shall leave it.”

Henry had come with the secret hope that Harriet would return to Hanover-square with him and Mrs. Fielding. Since the arrival of Julia at the Asylum, he had enjoyed little of Harriet’s company, and his heart was deeply sensible of the privation; but when he met the eyes of Julia, and read in them the wish for Harriet’s

stay ;

stay; when he reflected on their greater intimacy, which must afford to Julia the pleasure of unreserved confidence, he checked the prompt wish of selfishness, and declared that Harriet should remain.

And here, lest the reader should not be inclined to give to the conduct of Henry all the merit it deserves, we beg the favour of him to pause for a moment, and give a candid answer to the few following questions.

Pray, sir, have you ever been in love? If not, you may go on to the next chapter.

“You have.” Well then, be so obliging as to say how often you have sacrificed the slightest gratification of passion to the calls of friendship or benevolence? Pray, how often have you disobeyed the dictates of selfishness, from the consideration of conferring pleasure on any individual of your acquaintance? What have you sacrificed to the interests even of the object of your passion? One selfish desire?

“No. Passion was too powerful.”

Justly,

Justly, then, may you appreciate the nobleness of Henry Sydney's heart; which, filled with a passion as strong and pure as ever warmed a human breast, was yet sufficiently capacious to have room for the sentiments of friendship, and the feelings of benevolence.

CHAP. XIV.

"A wretch from all we love, from all we are;

"A fun extinguish'd! a just-opening grave!

"And oh! the last, last what? (can words express?

"Thought reach?) the last, last *silence* of a friend."

IT is high time to return to Bridgetina, to whom, as the ostensible heroine of these memoirs, it is our duty to attend. The inauspicious career of her *quondam* friends, if it did not effect a sudden change in her opinions, considerably damped the ardour of her zeal. Neither the reasonings of Mr. Sydney or Mrs. Fielding were calculated for making a convert of one, who to a very limited understanding united an active imagination; but they were so unanswerable that they abated the confidence of self-conceit, and tempered her dislike to the doctrines of Christianity.

Though

Though this were all that was expected by Mr. Sydney, it did not perfectly satisfy Mrs. Fielding. "It is very extraordinary," said she, in speaking to Mr. Sydney on this subject, "it is very extraordinary that Miss Botherim should be so obstinately blind, as not to perceive the shocking consequences of the erroneous opinions she has adopted. Does she not see to what they have already led? How can she refuse assent to demonstration so strong, so full as that you have just now been delivering?—And to what is she thus wedded?—to a system that annihilates every future hope, and reduces us to a level with the beasts that perish! I can no way account for such obstinacy of unbelief."

'My dear Madam,' replied Mr. Sydney, 'you do not sufficiently attend to the nature of the human mind. Not to mention the tenaciousness of pride, which naturally revolts at the acknowledgment of conviction, we must, I fear, make greater allowances

ances than you seem inclined to do, for the strength of early association. Among those who were eye-witnesses of the miracles of our Saviour, we are told that many doubted—of what? Not of the miracles, for these they do not appear to have attempted to deny. The unbelief of the Jewish sceptics were by *their early prejudices* directed to a different point; they acknowledged the miracle, but doubted whether it was of God, or proceeded from the power of some demon. In embuing the minds of our children with notions of religion, we too often represent to them not only the great and leading truths of revelation, but every minutia of our own peculiar tenets, as inseparable links of one great chain, of which no one can be broken without destroying the whole. The early association which we thus create, is frequently productive of the most unhappy consequences. By it a long range of outworks of unequal strength are exposed

posed to the attack of the enemy, where, if one be found untenable, the whole must of course surrender. In conversing with Miss Botherim, I have more than once had occasion to remark the truth of the above observation. But let us not expect too much at once; time, her ripened judgment, reading, and observation, may effect a change in her mind of greater consequence than a sudden conviction could possibly produce.

Mrs. Fielding acquiesced in this opinion, and leaving Bridgetina's conversion to Mr. Sydney, and the means by him prescribed, she entirely occupied herself in the concerns of the more amiable and more unfortunate Julia.

Doctor Orwell and his youngest daughter were on the eve of setting out for London to attend Harriet's nuptials, when they received the account of Julia's re-appearance, which Doctor Orwell was begged to communicate to Mrs. Delmond.

He

He did so, but found the poor lady in no situation for undertaking an immediate journey. Ever since her husband's death a slow fever had preyed upon her constitution, which gradually increasing, had at length brought her to the very brink of the grave. Till the elopement of Julia her mind had never experienced the dominion of a strong emotion; she was, therefore, unequal to its control. Incessantly dwelling on the ingratitude of her daughter, who had been the object of her pride as much as of her affections, her grief was embittered by resentment; which, from the taciturnity and reserve of her temper, being denied a vent, preyed inwardly, and consumed the vital flame. And here it is worthy of remark, that while Captain Delmond execrated the seducer, and his wife bitterly arraigned the conduct of the seduced, neither one or other ever once cast a retrospective glance upon what they themselves had done. The aunt of Mrs.

Delmond

Delmond had been little less hurt by her conduct, than she was by that of her daughter. But *her* resentment she had deemed unreasonable and absurd; so different is the allowance self-love permits us to make for the feelings of others, and for our own!

Till informed by Doctor Orwell, Mrs. Delmond had not the most distant idea of Julia's being still unmarried. The intelligence aggravated the feelings of resentment and despair. And after a silence, occasioned by the excess of agitation, she broke out into the bitterest reproaches, not only against Julia, but against all who should receive or countenance her. In vain did Doctor Orwell preach up to her the doctrine of christian charity and forgiveness. She told him, that if he gave such encouragement to wickedness, she thought his own children would do well to put his charity to the proof; and concluded by declaring, that were she even able to undertake the journey, nothing should induce
her

her to go to see a wretch, whose infamous conduct had brought disgrace on all connected with her.

After having exhausted her strength by venting the feelings of resentment, she apparently sunk into her usual state of torpid apathy. But it was only in appearance, for a variety of contending emotions continued to struggle in her breast; where, though grief, anger, and resentment were first in place, they could not overcome the yearnings of the mother in her heart. The struggle was too much for her weak frame to support, and an increase of fever was the fatal consequence. Dr. Orwell was no sooner informed by Mr. Gubbles of her danger, than he dispatched a messenger for the nearest physician; but ere he could arrive Mrs. Delmond was no more.

Having given the necessary directions for the interment, the Doctor was urged by his daughter Marianne to set out immediately on their intended journey, as
they

they would now have little enough time to reach London before the wedding.

“ You are mistaken, my dear,” said Dr. Orwell, “ so much must the news of this event add to the misery of the wretched Julia, and so much will she now require the soothing support of friendship, that I know not Harriet’s heart, if it have not the generosity to defer her own happiness, in order to alleviate the pressure of another’s anguish. There is no fear, therefore, of our not being in time to the wedding ; but to gratify you, we shall set out to-morrow.”

They accordingly did set out, and arrived at Mrs. Fielding’s the evening of the following day. There they found only servants to receive them, and from them they learned, that Mrs. Fielding and her guests had spent the greater part of the day at the Asylum, from whence they were not yet returned. Thither Dr. Orwell, after committing Marianne to the care of Mrs. Fielding’s housekeeper, directly drove.

He was shewn into a small parlour, where the first object that struck his eye was old Quinten, leaning against the window, and with the hand that pressed upon his forehead covering his eyes, so that he did not perceive the Doctor's approach.

“Quinten!” cried Doctor Orwell, “is it you? How came you here? I did not know you had left W——.”

‘Ah! sir,’ said Quinten, ‘could I hear that my master’s daughter was ill, and in distress, and not come to offer her my poor services? Susan no sooner told me of the news you had brought my mistress, which, by reason of her being in the next room, she could not avoid hearing, than I begged her leave to march, and set out that very Thursday evening; though she did not seem overpleased at my coming, I know she will thank me afterwards, when—’

“You do not then know that Mrs. Delmond is dead?” said Doctor Orwell interrupting him.

‘My

‘My mistress dead?’ exclaimed Quinten.
 ‘Oh! that is heavy news indeed! But Miss Julia will never hear it! Oh! no. She will never know that her mother died without forgiving her; but God will be more merciful. He will receive the penitent to his bosom, and the dear child shall be an angel of light in heaven!’

“Is Miss Delmond then so very ill?” asked Doctor Orwell.

‘Ill, indeed,’ replied Quinten. ‘But here is Miss Orwell, and she will tell you all.’

Quinten then retired, while Harriet, rushing into the room, threw her arms round her father’s neck, and wept and sobbed aloud upon his bosom.

“Be calm, my love,” said Dr. Orwell, “my darling child! How should I bow in gratitude to that Providence whose grace has been so liberally bestowed upon you; every action of your life endears you still further to my heart.” Then fondly kissing

her, he wiped away the tears that still continued to flow from her eyes, and again begged her to be composed. “ I am afraid to ask for Julia,” said he ; “ from your tears I fear it is all over.”

‘ No,’ replied Harriet, ‘ she yet lives, but that is all that can now be said. The night before last she was seized with spasms and other symptoms, which the Doctor immediately pronounced fatal. Since then she has suffered the extreme of pain; but suffered with a patience, a meekness, and resignation, that deserve a higher term than fortitude, for fortitude is sometimes the effort of despair. Her’s is the effect of sincere penitence, and lively hope in the mercies of God through that Saviour to whom she has been brought, effectually, I trust, brought through sufferings. But you must see her. I can place you where you will be unperceived, for the sight of you would make her, perhaps, renew her enquiries concerning her mother, and she knows

knows nothing of her death. It would be cruel to disturb her last moments by the intelligence.' So saying, she took her father's hand, and silently led him into Julia's room.

Accustomed as Doctor Orwell was to the sight of a death-bed, he never without awe could approach the solemn scene,

"Where darkness brooding o'er unfinish'd fate,

"With raven wing incumbent, waits the hour,

"Dread hour! that interdicts all future change."

But never were his feelings more sensibly impressed than on the present occasion. The first object that presented itself was old Mr. Sydney, sitting in an arm-chair by the bedside, his hands clasped, and his eyes directed towards Heaven in mental prayer, while a few unbidden tears stole down his venerable cheeks. Mr. Churchill knelt by the bed, and pressed one of the cold hands of the dying Julia between both of his; while Maria, sitting behind her on the bed, supported in her arms her feeble frame.

frame. She was still addressing herself to Mr. Churchill, but in a voice too low and broken to be distinctly heard. To what she said Churchill was too much affected to permit him to make any other reply than by kissing her hand, and bathing it with his tears. After a short pause—"Heaven will, in this dear virtuous girl," said she, attempting to join Maria's hand to his, "amply reward you for your goodness. She too will act the part of a child to my poor mother—alas! a more deserving child than I have been towards her! Oh, that I could recall the past! But it cannot be. Penitence is all I now can offer—and that I hope God and she will accept of. Farewell, sir! may God reward you for your goodness to my mother! He only can."

Again Churchill kissed her hand with emphatic tenderness, and covering his face with his handkerchief, hastily withdrew to give vent to the feelings he could not control. Maria's eyes followed him to the
 door

door with looks of tender sympathy, which seemed eager to express how much his sensibility endeared him to her heart.

Julia observed her looks, and tenderly taking her hand, "You will be happy, dear Maria," said she, "and you deserve to be so. Harriet too, my dear Harriet, she will be happy with her worthy Sydney; doubly happy even here, for having kept constantly in view the happiness of hereafter. Where is Miss Botherim? I think I have now strength to speak to her, and it may not be so long. I should like now to see her."

Harriet instantly went out, and returned leading in Bridgetina, who seemed to enter with some reluctance. She appeared pale and frightened, and seemed to dread the solemnity of a dying scene—a scene she had never yet witnessed. 'You must come near her,' said Harriet, as she drew Bridgetina on; 'it would distress her too much to speak to you at this distance.'

Julia

Julia attempted to hold out her feeble hand as she approached her, which Bridgetina took in her's without speaking.

“You tremble, my dear!” said Julia. “Does it then so greatly shock you to see me thus? Ah, Bridgetina! could I indeed impress you with a sense of what my mind now feels, I should not die in vain. You see me now on the threshold of eternity—that eternity, of which we have made a jest, but which we must acknowledge was never by any argument to a certainty disproved; improbable we were taught to believe it, but *impossible* by mere man it could never be pronounced. I am now convinced, oh! thoroughly convinced, of its awful truth. I believe that I shall, ere the lapse of many hours, appear before the throne of God! that God whose will I have despised, whose providence I have arraigned, nay, whose very being I have dared to deny! Blessed be his mercy, that did not leave me to perish in my iniquity!”

After

After a pause, occasioned by want of breath, she thus proceeded. "You believe Jesus Christ to have been a moralist and philosopher. Examine, I beseech you, the morality he preached, and you will acknowledge its teacher could not lay the foundation of such a system in imposture. Well did he say of future teachers, *By their fruits ye shall know them.*" What, my Bridgetina, are the fruits of the doctrines we have so unhappily been led to embrace? *In me you behold them!* In vain will you exclaim, in the jargon to which we have been accustomed, against the *prejudices of society*, as if to them were owing the load of misery that sinks me to a premature grave. Ah! no. Those prejudices, against which we have been accustomed so bitterly to rail, I now behold as a salutary fence, which, if I had never dared to overleap, would have secured my peace. Were those barriers broken down, and every woman encouraged by the suffrage of universal

versal applause to act as I have acted, fatal,
 my dear Bridgetina, very fatal to society,
 would be the consequence! In my friends
 here, these dear friends whom Heaven has
 in mercy sent as ministring angels to smoothe
 the path of death, see the fruits of a firm
 adherence to the doctrines we have de-
 spised! If, like them, I had been taught
 to devote the actions of every day to my
 God; and instead of encouraging agloomy
 and querulous discontent against the pre-
 sent order of things, had employed myself
 in a vigilant performance of the duties of
 my situation, and a scrupulous govern-
 ment of my own heart and inclinations,
 how very different would my situation
 now have been! Think of these things,
 Bridgetina; and if ever you should meet
 with——but I will not disturb the fere-
 nity of my soul by mentioning his name.—
 Yet why? I carry not with me any re-
 sentments to the grave. Tell Vallaton,
 then, that as a christian I forgive him, and
 pray

pray God to turn his heart. If mine had been fortified by principle, he never could have seduced it by his sophistry. No. It was not he, it was my own pride, my own vanity, my own presumption, that were the real seducers that undid me. My strength fails. Farewell, my poor Biddy! Nay, do not weep so much. I have now hopes of happiness more sweet, more precious, than aught the world can bestow! Go home to your mother, my Biddy; and in the sober duties of life forget the idle vagaries which our distempered brains dignified with the name of philosophy."

Bridgetina weeping withdrew.

Julia, exhausted by speaking, reclined her head on Maria's bosom, and remained for some minutes silent. She then with a quick motion raised her head, and looked around the room. "Who is now here?" said she. "Methinks I do not see distinctly. This I know is Harriet's hand. Dear Harriet, oh, when you draw near
the

the close of your life, may the remembrance of the comfort you have bestowed on me be a fund of joy and consolation to your heart! My sweet instructor, my monitor, my guide to the path of salvation, how shall I thank you? Your Sydney too I would thank. How much have I been indebted to his friendly attention! Let me join your hands, that with my dying lips I may bless you both."

While Henry and Harriet knelt in silent sorrow by the side of the bed, endeavouring as much as possible to suppress their feelings, in order to catch every word that fell from Julia, a loud groan was heard from the opposite side of the room. Julia instantly caught the sound. "It is honest Quinten," said she, "let him come near me. Do not, my good Quinten, do not grieve for me thus. God has for me ordered all things graciously—I rejoice in his decrees. Death has now for me no terrors."

‘ O that

‘ O that I should have lived to see this day!’ sobbed the old soldier. ‘ Would to God I could die for thee, my dear young lady! But surely there is yet hope. So young as you are—so very young!’

“ Death is no respecter of persons, my good Quinten! you may yet see many younger than me laid in their graves. Return to my poor mother, and continue to be attentive to her. She has been ill; do not wound her by the excess of your sorrow. I know my death will grieve her; but tell her, I beg she would consider it as a blessing.”

‘ This is too much!’ cried Quinten, ‘ I cannot, cannot stand it.’ Then striking his hand upon his furrowed brow, he turned away to conceal the anguish of his heart. On a slight motion made by Mrs. Fielding he lifted up his eyes, and beheld the lifeless head of Julia sunk upon Maria’s bosom.

A silence

A silence, more expressive than the loudest lamentations of clamorous sorrow, closed the solemn scene.

Maria continued still to clasp in her arms the inanimate form of her lovely friend, lovely even in death; and leaning over her, bedewed the pale face with her fast-falling tears. Henry and Harriet still knelt by the bedside, and still continued to press the hand whose last office had been uniting theirs. While the old domestic, the venerable Quinten, wringing his hands in silent anguish gazed upon the corpse, and seemed insensible of the tears which coursed each other down his hard and weather-beaten face. Mrs. Fielding, who sat by the bedside assisting and supporting Maria, made an effort to speak, but could not. Doctor Orwell was the first who broke the emphatick silence. “It is enough, my children,” said he, “all is now over. The solemn scene is now closed—happily closed,

closed, I trust in God, for the dead; and usefully for us who are of the living, if we have grace *to lay it to heart*.

CONCLUSION.

CONCLUSION.

" Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
 " Of paradise that has survived the fall!
 " Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure;
 " Or tasting, long enjoy thee—too infirm,
 " Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
 " Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect,
 " Or temper, sheds into thy crystal cup.
 " *Thou art the nurse of virtue.*"

COWPER.

THE serious part of our readers may, perhaps, be of opinion, that with the last chapter our history ought properly to have concluded; as whatever we now can add must tend to destroy the impression it was calculated to produce. It may be so. But how could we have the heart to disappoint the Misses, by closing our narrative without a wedding? A novel without

without a wedding is like a tragedy without murder, which no British audience could ever be brought to relish. A wedding, a double wedding, we shall with pleasure and alacrity announce; but from us our fair readers must not expect too much. Willing as we are to oblige them, we cannot possibly contrive to marry every individual of our *dramatis personæ* in the last scene.

“And pray, why not?” exclaims a pretty critic. “All the young ones at least, you must certainly provide for; is it not always done?”

‘Yes,’ cries another, ‘to be sure it is; and nothing should have tempted me to wade through the book, but to see who Bridgetina was to have at the last. Had I thought she was to have remained unmarried after all, I give you my word I should never have read three pages.’

“Nor I,” repeats a third; “and during the half of the last volume, I have been doing nothing but thinking whether Mr.

Vallaton or Mr. Myope was to be the happy man. Vallaton is a sad wretch, to be sure; but then he might have been made to *reform all at once*; nothing is *so* common; and who, except this stupid author, but would have made him out to be the son of some great Lord?"

"If Bridgetina can't have him," cries the other, "she surely may have Myope at least. His poverty is no obstacle; for what so easy, as to make him have some rich uncle come home from the East-Indies, or to give him a prize in the lottery; or—oh, there are a thousand ways of giving him a fortune in a moment; and if Bridgetina be not married either to him or Vallaton, I shall be out of all patience."

"And I," rejoins another fair judge, "shall condemn the book without mercy, if Mrs. Fielding be not married to her old lover Mr. Sydney. It must be so, to be sure. After being in love with each other for thirty years, it would be *so* romantic!

and

and they must of course be so happy! As for Henry and Harriet, there is nothing interesting in their story. Such matches take place every day. Had they married to live in a cottage upon love, or had they been raised to all the splendour of the high ton, it might have been charming either way. But to give them competence in middle life is quite a bore, and shews the author to be a mere quiz. Churchill and Maria, too, are tame creatures. What woman of spirit would put up with being a man's *second love*? When I marry—"

Stay, dear young lady. Make no rash promises; and till experience have convinced you that romantic passion is the only true foundation for matrimonial felicity, do not condemn the conduct of Maria Sydney. To the observations of your sister critics we shall reply in order, and obviate (as much as it is in our power to obviate) the force of their objections.

First, then, with regard to the disposal of our heroine. We are very sorry to confess that she is still unmarried. But this is far from being our fault; and if you will have the goodness to recollect that she is neither *rich* nor *handsome*, it will cease to appear so very extraordinary. Mr. Vallaton might, it is true, have been reformed for her, as you propose; he might, likewise, for aught we know, have been recognized as the offspring of some noble Lord, had it not unfortunately happened, that before either of these events could take place, a period was put to his existence by the perfidious contrivance of the very woman for whose sake he had robbed and abandoned the unfortunate Julia. This wretched woman, whose principles Vallaton had made it his boast to form, had the art so far to insinuate herself into his affections, as to reign absolute mistress of his heart. His passion for Julia gave but a short-lived

interruption

interruption to her authority. Though the beauty of Julia excited his admiration, his heart was too depraved to feel the full force of her charms. The delicacy of her pure and uncorrupted mind laid him under a restraint so disagreeable, that had not the power over her fortune been attached to the possession of her person, he would soon have desisted from the pursuit. Nor when success had crowned his arts, did the tender affection of Julia touch his soul. The mind and manners of the profligate Emmeline were so much more congenial to his own, that he found her conversation a relief from the insipid innocence of Julia's; and though in personal attractions there could be no comparison made between them, he preferred to youth, modesty, and beauty, the sophisticated blandishments of a time-worn wanton. So perverse is the taste of sensual depravity! which, in the well-known language of our immortal bard,

“ Though to a radiant angel link'd,
 “ Will prey on garbage.” With

With a degree of art beyond the conception even of the artful Vallaton, did this infamous woman employ the influence she had obtained to his destruction. At her instigation he took Julia to the house from which she so fortunately escaped to Mrs. Fielding's Asylum; and as the wickedness of even the worst of men seldom equals the wickedness of woman, it was by her contrivance that Julia was there robbed of the sum he had intended to leave her for the supply of her immediate exigencies. The plan of their elopement to France was likewise her's, and the execution of it she contrived to accelerate by the introduction of a pretended friend from that kingdom, who appeared as a private agent for the sale of the confiscated estates of the ex-nobles; and who fired the avarice of Vallaton by the description of a seigniory which he offered him upon terms so advantageous that it would have been folly to let slip the opportunity of so highly advancing his fortune.

On

On arriving at Paris, where the purchase was to be completed, some obstacles occurred of which the London agent had not been sufficiently aware; hopes were however given that these might be overcome, and the negociation was still going forward, when Vallaton was arrested as a spy and agent of the royalists. It was not till after his trial and condemnation that he discovered the name of his accuser, or the nature of the evidence on which he had been condemned. Sharper than the instrument of death was the anguish that pierced him, when made sensible that he had been betrayed by the wretched partner of his guilt. On his way to the scaffold he gave vent to his rage by curses and imprecations, which he continued to pour forth till the last minute drew on. He then paused, and by the expression of his countenance seemed to cast a retrospective glance on the events of his past life. A convulsive groan of horror and despair then burst from his agitated bosom;

bosom; he started from the grasp of the executioner, but after a short and ineffectual struggle, was forced to submit to the fatal blow.

To offer any comment upon the circumstances of this catastrophe would be impertinent. As we do not presume to imagine, far less to take it for granted, that our readers are less capable of reflection than we are ourselves, we shall not trouble them with obvious deductions from the circumstances we relate; but content ourselves with having fully explained the reasons that rendered it impossible for us to gratify our fair readers by making up a match between Mr. Vallaton and our heroine Bridgetina.

Why Mr. Myope did not marry her is, perhaps, not quite so easily solved. He might, indeed, as has very properly been observed, have made an excellent husband for her; but it unfortunately so happened, that having *no* rich uncle coming home
from

from abroad, and having got *no* prize in the lottery, and having moreover become acquainted with a rich widow, (a disciple of Swedenburg's, by whom he was made a convert to the New Jerusalem faith) he sealed his conversion by uniting himself to his instructress; and is now employed in writing a quarto volume to prove the possibility of an intercourse with the world of spirits. He has already had some admirable visions; but Bridgetina, though much inclined to adopt his new opinions, has not yet been so highly favoured. She continues to live with her mother, and notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their pursuits, begins to find that the consciousness of contributing to the happiness of a parent is a *pleasurable sensation*.

As for Mrs. Fielding, we shall in her own words explain to you her reasons for declining an union with Mr. Sydney, when proposed to her by some friends who knew the length and sincerity of their mutual attachment.

“ It

“It is observed by Solomon,” said Mrs. Fielding, ‘that *there is a time for all things* ;’ among the rest ‘*a time to marry*.’ This *time* is surely not in the autumn of life, when the habits are formed, and the mind has lost that ductility which renders it capable of yielding to, and even of coalescing with, the humours of its partner. Without solid and mutual esteem, no marriage can be happy. The love that has it not for its basis, is, as Solomon observes of the laughter of fools, ‘*like the crackling of thorns* ;’ a blaze that is soon extinguished. But cold esteem is not sufficient. Love too must lend its aid; and what can be more ridiculous than a Cupid in wrinkles! No, no, my friends; I shall not so expose myself. I still feel for Mr. Sydney the most lively affection, but it is not the affection that would now lead me to become his wife. From the day I heard of his marriage, I have devoted myself to a single life. I have endeavoured to create to myself ob-
jects

jects of interest that might occupy my attention, and engage my affections. These I have found in the large family of the unfortunate. My plan has been successful in bringing peace to my bosom; and peace is the happiness of age—it is all the happiness of which on this side the grave I shall be solicitous.”

Such was the decision of Mrs. Fielding, which no intreaty could prevail on her to alter. To our fair readers we shall leave it to pronounce upon its propriety.

In the affectionate and endearing attention of her children (for so she calls Henry Sydney and his wife) she receives as great satisfaction as ever parent experienced. She is a daily witness of their happiness, and perhaps, in the consciousness of having been instrumental in promoting it, experiences a happiness that is little inferior.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, (who reside great part of the year in the country)
though

though they could not prevail upon Mr. Sydney to relinquish his house at W——, or give up the paternal care of his little flock, enjoy a great deal of his company, and have the pleasure, by a thousand tender attentions, of increasing his comfort, and augmenting his felicity. In their journies to town, where Mr. Churchill is obliged to spend a part of every winter, they have hitherto prevailed on Mr. Sydney to accompany them; and that he may have an additional inducement for continuing to do so, Mr. Churchill has fitted up a small museum of natural history, which it is the old gentleman's delightful business to fill with the choicest specimens. The museum has, however, of late occupied a less share of his attention than formerly. Since the little Maria Churchill has been able to lisp the name of *grand-papa*, and Harry Sydney to climb upon his knee, the beetles and butterflies have been frequently neglected;

nor

nor is it a slight gratification to the smiling parents to perceive how much the endearing caresses of his little favourites gain upon his heart.

“ Oh speak the joy, ye whom the sudden tear
 “ Surprises often, while ye look around,
 “ And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 “ All various nature pressing on the heart;
 “ An elegant sufficiency, content,
 “ Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 “ Ease, and alternate labour, useful life,
 “ Progressive virtue, and approving Heav’n!
 “ These are the matchless joys of virtuous love,
 “ And thus their moments fly. The seasons, thus
 “ As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 “ Still find them happy—”

Happy even in “ *this corrupt wilderness of human society,*” where any degree of happiness is, in the dark and gloomy dogmas of modern philosophy, represented as impossible. Impossible, however, it never will be found by those who seek for it in the right path of regulated desires, social affections, active benevolence, humility,

lity, sincerity, and a lively dependance on the Divine favour and protection.

“ What cause for triumph, where such ills abound?

“ What for dejection, where presides a Pow’r

“ Who call’d us into being—*to be blest!*”









